

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

JANUARY  
1926



EDITED BY  
LEONARD HUXLEY

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EDITED BY  
LEONARD HUXLEY



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## TO DALMATIA

To go in a new 16,000 ton P & O liner on a month's cruise in springtime from the Thames to the eastern seaboard of Adriatic is an alluring programme. Venice and Trieste, approached from the sea, would alone justify the undertaking. Both are included in the "RANCHI'S" itinerary. But along the Balkan littoral from Trieste to Corfu, recessed in the indentations of the mountainous coast-line are a score or more of minor deep-water ports, the inhabitants of which boast descent from citizens of ancient Rome, settled here when the mighty Rome was still unabated. Fused with their Slavonic neighbours, these peoples exhibit to-day the proud and romantic traits of both races.

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14/16 COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1926.

## THE WAY OF THE PANTHER.

BY DENNY C. STOKES.

### VI.

It was early, barely three hours after dawn. The verandah of Turner's bungalow was unusually full; for years it had never held so many, and certainly had never sheltered two European women at one time. For that matter, none of the bungalows in the Kappu had ever been privileged to do so.

Turner had not seen his daughter Marjorie for eleven years. She had left when eight years of age for England, and had come back grown and beautiful, a girl of nineteen. Turner's eyes had gazed at her, half in wonder, half in admiration, whenever possible during the three days she had been in the Kappu. He was gazing at her as he sat on the Sisonoo verandah; she was in the garden talking to the man she was to marry, Hugh Binway. Turner tried to think he was satisfied with her choice, but his neighbour Tibberd had made him uneasy. 'An impossible, damnable prig,' had been his whispered verdict half-an-hour after Hugh had shaken hands in his awkward stiff way, on the previous day. And Tibberd's criticism of Mrs. Binway, the mother of such a son, had been quite as severe and no more pleasant.

On this morning Tibberd sat as far away from the others as he could; his face was more sullen than thoughtful. His heavy brows contracted over an open book. Tibberd reading; it made Turner smile, his pleasant easy smile. It was unusual for Tibberd to read. He was only doing so to avoid any direct participation in the general flow of conversation. Mrs. Binway had talked incessantly since her arrival. Her thin, high-pitched voice irritated Tibberd.

His eyes looked over his book at the small woman, with a narrow face, lying back in a long chair. The chair seemed many sizes too big for her angular stiff body. Her screwed-up eyes darted here, then there. First at her son with Marjorie, then at

the hills across the valley, then at a clump of kasuarinas, and then they jerked towards Tibberd, and his eyes dropped suddenly back to the pages of his book.

'I must say I like your mango chutney; for that reason alone I shall never regret coming out here, Mr. Turner, and if I had known about the chutney, I should have encouraged dear Hugh to become engaged sooner.'

Mrs. Binway uttered her high irritating giggle.

'You know,' she resumed, 'I thought planters were a lot of old bearded Boers with extensive harems—silly of me, was it not? But none of you have beards, and as far as I have seen, no harems. I have suspicions about Mr. Tibberd. I believe we interrupted him yesterday in some little affair; he was so cross when we arrived at his bungalow, poor dear man—funny man.'

'Eh—what?' Tibberd closed his book with a snap and shook himself into some semblance of attention. He hated being called 'dear.' It annoyed him to be referred to as 'funny.' 'Funny,' he had learnt, when used by Mrs. Binway, meant anything—'impossible, pleasant, unusual, unpleasant, beastly, or beautiful'; he never knew in what sense she applied 'funny' to him, except that it did not mean 'beautiful,' of that he was certain. She called all men 'dear,' and most men and things 'funny.'

'I can assure you Tibberd has no harem; he hates women. He is too fond of being alone, but when he is visited he likes to have warning, so that he can unpack his very special tea-set. It is a savage affair, all blue and yellow spots, hideous—awful—but he is proud of it.'

Turner laughed heartily at Tibberd's scowling face.

'I regret,' said Tibberd, ignoring the jibe, 'if my manner appeared awkward. I am always awkward. We do not often have ladies appearing suddenly on our verandahs here in the Kappu—besides, I was tired and hot, in need of a bath, and most unsuitably dressed.'

'Mr. Turner told me you always wore shorts, and that he thought you would wear them even if the Viceroy summoned you to an audience.' Once again Mrs. Binway gave vent to her giggle.

Like a confounded kettle, thought Tibberd.

'You've got such funny hairy knees,' added Mrs. Binway, with a wink at Turner. 'Ah,' she went on, 'how peaceful it is here! Only a few weeks ago I was in Regent Street; I was with my sister, we each bought a hat; you would not think there were Bolsheviks



in the world to look at this valley, quite a little backwater, only beetles and things on the road, and yet so close to civilisation and so pretty.'

'Exactly seventy miles from a railway, ninety-five miles from Mangalore, and by no means as pretty as it appears or as peaceful,' Tibberd grumbled.

'We have that distressful clan called dhobies, Mrs. Binway—you'd call them washerwomen—possessed of a perpetual desire to please and a consistent incapacity for so doing,' put in Turner.

'And,' mumbled Tibberd, 'the Kappu has two sister and indigenous arts: the perversion of the truth, the neat exploitation of the half truth. If a coolie sees a ladder he will fall off it. He will tell you he has fallen off a fifty-foot ladder, and omit to mention that he slipped on the bottom rung.'

'But surely it is most dull here,' Hugh Binway's languid voice broke in upon the conversation. He had left the garden and had come on to the verandah with Marjorie.

'You know,' he continued, 'I always imagined planters to be dullards until I came here.'

'Thank you very much.' There was no mistaking Tibberd's heartfelt dislike of the lanky red-haired Hugh. His face showed it, his voice expressed it. Tibberd never hid his feelings. He noticed with disgust that young Binway's eyes never rested for long on any object. And it was to Hugh that Marjorie was engaged. In his morose way the old planter resented Turner's acceptance of the situation and the way Turner let his easy smile play about his mouth.

'No, my boy, it is not dull.' Turner's quiet voice sounded tired. 'No, not dull. Some men find that the jungles smother them, others that they give shelter. I have found them interesting. I shall be sorry to go, and yet glad to go. If there is monotony, the beauty compensates for it.' The planter's eyes wandered out over the valley and rested on the rolling expanse of trees.

'But there must be a limit to one's endurance of a place like this. One cannot for ever stand and admire the harmonious sequence of nature.' Hugh leaned awkwardly against Marjorie's chair.

'Most of us work.' Tibberd's remark was curt, remarkably curt.

'I am glad I have seen this side of Indian life,' put in Mrs. Binway. 'India is an ideal place for studying political science, although people here are so prejudiced that it is difficult to keep an open mind. Hugh has found India excellent for casual study.'

'Open minds, Mrs. Binway, are like waste-paper baskets, a cavity into which garbage is thrown more often than sense.' Tibberd snorted and pushed himself out of his chair.

Mrs. Binway murmured, 'dear man,' and Tibberd snorted again. 'I suppose, dear Mr. Tibberd, you consider yourself a man of action, and I imagine for students you have no great liking; but Hugh, when he has studied, may develop—that is, may apply his studies. And to study you must have an open mind.'

'On the contrary,' growled Tibberd. 'I have a great admiration for students. As a student I failed miserably.'

'You see,' put in Turner as Tibberd walked to the verandah steps, 'Tibberd is not orthodox; he failed, I believe, as a student, because he once injudiciously suggested in an exam. paper that Machiavelli did not institute stamp duty, but instead helped Hazlitt to translate Aristotle's "Classification of Virtues" and that the work was one of transcendental romanticism. But here among the coffee he is more at home. He can't, or rather it does not matter here if he devastates the conventions by attempting to prove that the pre-Raphaelites were right in opposing the theory that the Vicar of Wakefield found Jude, though obscure, while on Gulliver's travels; nor does it matter in the Kappu if Tibberd does prove, at least to his own satisfaction, that syllogism if molested develops inductive enumeration and ——'

'Dad, you are being absurd. Mr. Tibberd knows a great deal. You say he never reads. I know he does. I saw his books yesterday.' Marjorie stopped short, for she saw Tibberd's face cloud as he went rapidly down the steps into the garden.

'I believe I have annoyed him, Dad.'

'Tell me, Marjorie, has he got books?' Turner's voice was eager.

'Yes, I was running through them while you men were out on the estate—none of them has his name in them: every one I opened had "Pamela Dray" written in a lovely writing.'

'Good heavens! Now I know why——' began Turner. But at this point Mrs. Binway interrupted.

'Who is this?' She nodded to a man riding quietly up the road.

'That's Shendaw—Shendaw Staines; he owns Sisonoo now.'

'Oh yes, Maclean's assistant—the ants. What a dear boy; what a funny way he smiles!' Mrs. Binway followed Turner into the garden.

'I like him.' Marjorie standing at the verandah rail murmured the remark loud enough for Hugh to hear. Hugh Binway grunted.

Before Mrs. Binway could tell Shendaw how glad she was to see him, how interested she had been to hear he owned most of the Kappu, and how impatient she had been for his appearance, Tibberd caught Shendaw's arm and pointed down the road.

'Something wrong, my boy! Look at Jason riding like the devil—he is in a panic.'

They all looked in the direction to which Tibberd pointed, to see a rider approaching at a furious pace. Jason was hunched low on the neck of his pony, his heels kicking viciously into its ribs as with one hand he thrashed the beast's sweating flanks with a whip.

In a cloud of red dust the pony was jerked back on its haunches and Jason slipped clumsily out of the saddle.

'What's the matter?' Turner moved to his side to hold him by his arm. The boy's face showed white under a covering of red dust. His eyes, pathetically weak eyes, were wide open. Fear was written all over his twitching face. He swallowed, mouthed and swallowed again.

'Give him a drink.' Tibberd took his other arm and helped him on to the verandah. He sat forward in a chair staring at his feet, his hands rubbing nervously at his temples.

Shendaw tilted his head and poured neat whisky down his throat.

'Ghastly!' Jason whispered the word. 'What must I do?' He looked appealingly at the group that surrounded him.

'Pull yourself together, tell us what has happened and then perhaps we can help.' There was nothing kindly in Tibberd's voice. No friendly look in his eyes.

Jason seemed to hear. His eyes fell away from their pitiful searching of the faces round. In dry thick accents he jerked out his story.

'Late last night—fellow called Edwards arrived, broken-down car—said he was on his way to Staines. Big fellow, good sort—I put him up, sent a runner to Staines, telling him he would come on in the morning—after dinner we were sitting—smoking—talking. God!—' Jason's voice dried up, he choked and shivered. Shendaw gave him another drink.

'Smoking,' he began again, his voice much weaker. 'Something jumped at him—it came up the steps—Edwards fell, the thing jumped back into the dark. Beastly thing, smelt of something I've smelt before. It was a man—'

'Native?' Tibberd's sharp inquiry made Jason gasp.

'I don't know, it was too quick. Horrible face—mad—bright eyes, but Edwards—neck broken, cheek torn. I've seen cows with the same tears on their necks!—claw marks. I was frightened. I sent coolies to Staines, they would not face the night—frightened; they had seen Edwards lying on the verandah. I could not wait alone. I left Edwards. I went to my room—this morning he had gone—God!'

'Gone! I thought he was dead.' Turner was bending over Jason with one hand on his shoulder.

'Jackals.'

The boy whispered the word, sobbed, and then swayed forward sweating from every pore. He had fainted. His eyes remained open. They were dull and unseeing.

Shendaw and Tibberd stretched him out on the matting. Mrs. Binway put a cushion under his head and bathed his face. For some minutes there was complete silence. No one moved. Tibberd pulled steadily at his pipe. Turner's hand rested gently on his daughter's arm. She was shaking a little. Shendaw looked down at Jason's white, pinched face; his own held no expression beyond that his lips were set close and that his eyes seemed brighter than usual.

'I'll go over and look round; coming, Shendaw?'

'Yes.'

Tibberd's deep voice made Marjorie start. It was so steady. His manner seemed too casual under the circumstances. She could not understand why. She admired Tibberd and Shendaw. They were composed. So different from Hugh; he was fidgeting on one foot and then on the other.

The two men walked into the bungalow on their way to the stables behind. Hugh took Marjorie's arm and led her to the farthest end of the verandah.

'Hugh, isn't it awful? It's hard to believe that such a thing could happen in such a beautiful place. Look how peaceful it is, so quiet—it's beautiful, really lovely. I don't remember much of the Kappu after all these years. I believe I wish Dad was not leaving and that you were a planter. But Hugh——.'

She moved against Binway. 'It is horrible, poor fellow!' She turned and looked at Jason where he lay still on the matting.

'Oh yes, it's beautiful in a sort of crude way, but I can't say I want to live here. I think my ambition is greater than that. It's dull here, Marjorie—no opportunities, a dead end.' Binway

put his arm round her and the two leaned over the verandah rail watching the yellow sun cut the shadows into queer moving shapes.

'You know, Mr. Turner, it is all very sad ; is there any explanation ?' Mrs. Binway had walked down the road with Turner. They had stopped where the road turned to the left through the coffee.

'No, I cannot think of any. At the same time there is no occasion to regard it as a mystery.' Turner spoke slowly. 'Things have a way of happening suddenly here. There's a cruel spirit drifting through these jungles. As you know, there has been trouble along the coast. The Moplahs are up again. The rising is just as blind as the previous one, no motive, no objective, a flare of fanaticism. No doubt several parties of hard-pressed Moplahs have come inland. Besides, a stir even ninety miles away has probably roused wild hearts in the surrounding bazaars. This man Edwards may have been the victim of revenge, some personal affair. I don't know, of course. We shall see.'

'Yes, it is crude—a funny place, and yet, as Hugh told me yesterday, there is, I think he said, a wild harmony, or did he say rhythm ?'

'No, Mrs. Binway, I don't think there is really much that is harmonious.' Turner turned over a pile of leaves with his toe. 'There you see.'

Mrs. Binway looked down. Two spotted land-crabs with claws interlocked were pushing and struggling to get a fatal hold, while black ants were beginning to collect, to be ready for the going of the victor, when the victim would be left for their minute and eager jaws.

Before midday the two planters returned to Sisonoo.

'It seems true,' said Tibberd, as he came up the steps on to the verandah. 'Jackals ; they left practically nothing. We found this case under a paw-paw behind the bungalow. That's all. Better let the Deputy know, and the Resident. Who's going to write the account ?'

'I will,' said Turner.

'We will all sign it. It is no good being mournful—it's over, and I think the explanation is probably a native with a grievance. Placid devils most of them, but when they have got a grievance then something sudden like this happens ; it's horrible, but—it's over. You cannot say we are dull now, Binway.'

'Mr. Tibberd, though there is something in your suggestion that it is no good being downhearted, at the same time there is no occasion to treat this unfortunate occurrence flippantly.' Hugh Binway's grey eyes shifted quickly from Tibberd to Shendaw and on to Turner's smiling face.

'Oh hell,' breathed Tibberd, as he turned his attention to Jason, who was moving. His eyes were open.

'Come on, boy, pull yourself together. It's over.'

'Yes, it's shaken me rather badly. I'll get into a chair.' Tibberd helped Jason up from the ground into a chair. The boy sat back without speaking, without looking at any of his companions. He remained on the verandah while the rest had lunch.

After the meal Mrs. Binway went to her room to sleep. Hugh and Turner started a game of chess, and Tibberd, as was his custom, smoked steadily.

Marjorie sat by Jason's side reading. Every now and then she looked at his white face and pitied the misery she saw there. Never once did she look to her right. If she had, she knew she would meet Shendaw's dark eyes. They were fixed intently on her. Shendaw was greedily, unconsciously perhaps, staring, drinking in her freshness. For six years he had never seen a girl like Marjorie. None had come to the Kappu. For six years he had never been close to a girl of his own kind. Suddenly, unexpectedly, Marjorie had come into the valley and he knew that he was fascinated, that he longed for her. He stared, he forgot the valley—the tragedy at Awesha—Hugh—only Marjorie remained. He imagined her at Hiboor. His pulses raced. The blood coursed through his veins. He surrendered to his feelings.

One hand gripped the arm of his chair. He leaned forward. The next instant he would have been by her side pouring out everything that was hammering in his brain, had not he suddenly realised that Turner was standing directly in front of him.

Shendaw looked up. The old man was smiling down at him. His head was shaking slowly from side to side.

'The flower is plucked,' he whispered. The spell, for a spell it had been, was broken. Shendaw lay back, smiled, and turned his eyes out over the valley where already the yellow light was weakening, where cool winds were sighing round the base of Kodi-Kundi, shifting the leaves until the air seemed full of a restless yet soothing melody.

'All right, Turner. I'm sorry,' whispered Shendaw. Turner



went back to the table and resumed his game. Hugh had not noticed the episode.

'Fire!'

It was Jason's shrill cry which brought everyone to their feet. The boy was pointing across the valley.

'Fire on my tota!' Again he shouted hysterically. All eyes followed his outstretched arm.

Over the brow of the Awesha slopes, stretching north to Debarakhan, a heavy bank of cloud hung, black, dense. From the trees beneath rolling columns of smoke rose into the overhanging cloud on which flickered the dull red light of flames reflected from below. A sudden gust of wind carried the curling mass of fumes downhill, and as those on the verandah watched the growing fire they heard the distant roar and crackle of the flames. It could not have been more than a few seconds after Jason's agonised cry gave warning of the fire that the first burnt wisps of wood floated lightly across the valley, bringing with them the acrid scent of burning leaves.

The wind gained sudden force, the line of rolling smoke ate rapidly downhill. As if answering a simultaneous impulse, Shendaw, Tibberd, and Jason ran to the stables.

Within a few minutes they were riding madly for the bridge, with their heads down and their whips flogging viciously.

Jason and Tibberd rode straight for the Awesha coolie lines, Shendaw branched off, when once across the bridge, to Hiboor to summon help.

The air throbbed with the roar of the fire, smuts and wreaths of smoke drifted everywhere among the trees; every now and then a jungle giant crashed shivering to the ground, sending fountains of sparks high into the air to pierce the swirling cloud of smoke on which red and yellow lights played fantastically. The fire had swept suddenly over the hill, and with extraordinary swiftness it licked its way down into the valley, leaving a great blackened swath in its path, a ruin of smouldering coffee wood, and stark, towering trunks of shade trees wreathed in grey shifting vapours that hung about their roots and kissed the shrivelled leaves up among the topmost branches.

When Shendaw eventually persuaded his coolies to leave their lines and had urged them along the road to the bridge, he saw that the fire had jumped the road and was seething over the waste grassland by the river. Wet sacking flags were useless. The coolies hesitated and stopped, eyeing the leaping flames and curling smoke.

The Maistries cursed, the coolies muttered. Shendaw could see they were on the point of bolting; he was alone, it was impossible to hold them; besides, it was too late, the fire had done its work. Awesha was burnt out.

He called to the Maistries, and told them to take their gangs back and line them along the Debarakhan boundary in case a capricious wind drove the dying fire south up the valley. And then digging his heels into the pony he sent the animal plunging into the swirling smoke. The animal reared and kicked its way through the cloud, and stood snorting amidst the ruined waste of the estate. Through rifts in the smoke-bank, where it rose dense and black below the road, Shendaw caught glimpses of the Awesha coolies jumping into the river. A scorched rat crawled between the pony's feet, and above on the blackened slope a snake lashed itself against the stripped coffee trees in its last agonies; smuts drifted through the air like a silent swarm of flies; everywhere there was the sickening, choking smell of fire.

Shendaw urged his unwilling pony over the smoking débris and halted before the Awesha bungalow. Between the cracked fire-baked walls lay the roof in a chaotic pile of broken tiles and splintered beams. Tibberd was moving among the ruins.

'Hullo, Shendaw! Did you ever see anything so quick? Coolies refused to face it, came down the hill like hell.'

Tibberd left the ruins and came to Shendaw's side. His face was black, his drill shorts and his shirt were blacker.

'Anyone burnt?' inquired Shendaw.

'Two children in the lines, a few dogs, and a car, which I imagine belonged to that fellow Edwards. Have you seen Jason?'

'No.'

'No? Well, I have not; that is, not since I saw him cursing his coolies like a madman on the road. Poor devil, this will shake him up! Every acre lost. But where is he?'

After dark that evening the men rode back to Sisonoo. Jason was still missing. They had ridden backwards and forwards over the burnt estate, but neither Jason nor his pony had been found. A hundred coolies had combed every strip of jungle near the Awesha blocks. Nothing was found, nothing seen, nothing heard. Jason and his pony had vanished.

Gloom settled over the Sisonoo bungalow that night. There was nothing to suggest, nothing to do except to await daylight and then renew the search.

Mrs. Binway and Marjorie had gone to bed when Kantapa limped into the limelight and stood blinking at the foot of the verandah steps.

'Well, wise pedlar, what do you want?' Turner asked the native.

'Sahibs, the Sahib Jason will not be found. The Sahib did never laugh, and because of that the hairy dwarfs of Mhatu have taken him. To-night they dance upon his stomach. It happens so in these jungles.'

'Go to the devil.' Tibberd's voice was hoarse with fatigue.

'He may be right,' remarked Shendaw, whereupon Hugh Binway laughed. It was a nervous laugh, and it made Tibberd curse, but Shendaw only smiled.

## VII.

'ENDA-ENDA-DA.' Tibberd's powerful voice sent the assembled coolies streaming down the road from behind the Sisonoo lines.

'Enda-hah-bah.' The Maistries took up the cry as they urged their reluctant gangs through the dank morning mists that were encircling the trees in white wavering wreaths and sweeping the road with flitting transparent veils.

Every able-bodied man from Dreekhkan and Sisonoo had been assembled before the first light of day had topped the hills. The search for Jason was to continue. The coolie women had refused to come, for the story of the planter's mysterious disappearance had spread up and down the valley during the night, and the death of Edwards had also become known. The coolies, in consequence, showed considerable hesitation in leaving their lines. Tibberd's glowering face alone forced them along the road. To argue with the Kei-Sahib was no small matter; in any case Jason Sahib had gone. Perhaps the fire had taken him, or maybe the children of the Mhatu held him in their hairy hands. But the distress of the coolies eased when they saw that the four Europeans were riding with them.

'The Mhatu dwarfs have taken Jason Sahib' was whispered by more than one sullen-faced Mhun to his neighbour as the three hundred and more natives wound along the road down to the valley bed.

At the stone bridge were Shendaw's coolies from Hiboor and Debarakhan, under the watchful eye of Katinga Rao. Only two had succeeded in bolting back to their huts. The coolies of Awesha

were absent, as their lines had been burnt on the previous day and they were occupied in building grass shelters along the river bank.

All through the hours of morning a double line of jabbering natives combed the smouldering ruins of Awesha. The search continued in the midday heat, while the rest of the valley slept. Hugh Binway rode in his place behind the moving line of coolies; on his left were Shendaw and Turner; Tibberd had charge of the right flank of the searchers.

Every lantana thicket was opened by slashing cutties, every heap of smoking débris was spread flat, but nothing was revealed. Down in the bamboos below the slopes of Kodi-Kundi an old grey boar was found, grunting away its life. From head to tail, blisters covered its blackened body; it was blind and in fearful agony. Tibberd dismounted and cut its throat, and Katinga Rao shuddered at the deed and prayed for the Sahib's brutal soul. From north to south and east to west, back and across, moved the coolies over every yard of Awesha, and through the jungle strips bounding the estate they searched in the deepest shadows. The effort was useless. The search had failed; Jason was lost. And in the early afternoon the Europeans went back to the shade of Sisonoo bungalow, saddened, tired, and perplexed.

'We must surrender Jason to the dwarfs of the Mhatu jungle.'

The seriousness of Shendaw's voice made Tibberd look at him intently. But his face was calm, almost without expression, and the elder man could not be sure if Shendaw had meant what he had said, or if it were merely a careless remark to break the silence which held everybody in its gloomy grip. For the twentieth time in the year, Tibberd told himself that he did not understand Shendaw Staines.

'It is curious,' admitted Turner. 'And yet why should we make a mystery of it? Jason probably became dazed by the smoke, and before he could recover the fire licked him up. The strength of these jungle fires is terrific. Poor Jason! He was a miserable fellow. I always felt sorry for him. He hated the Kappu, and I think he was afraid of it—poor fellow.'

'It is over. We might as well forget the last two days,' said Shendaw. 'To-day is Thursday, and you go on Saturday to Baheteglur for the planters' meeting before sailing for home—what about beating on the Hiboor side to-morrow by way of making your last day pleasant?'

Shendaw was standing over Turner and smiling. He seemed

already to have forgotten Edwards and Jason. His eyes were twinkling, he was perfectly at ease, his manner was in marked contrast to the remainder of the company. Even Tibberd had been shaken, and was more silent and moody than usual.

'Yes,' said Turner, and then became suddenly silent. He looked long and wistfully at his garden. The roses were already bursting red over the bamboo trellis fence that kept the coffee-trees at bay where they, also in full vigour, grew, acre upon acre, under the silver oaks. Beneath the shade trees everything was still in the blue-grey shades, everything but the leaves of the silver oaks—they were shivering; they always shivered, as if stirred by some capitious unseen breath that sighed down from Hisson's ridge to the river near Kodi-Kundi.

'Yes,' repeated Turner, 'I have only one day more. My baggage starts to-morrow in the carts. Yes, I would like to beat. What about you, Tibberd?'

Tibberd nodded in agreement.

'Besides,' went on Shendaw, 'it will give Mrs. Binway an experience of how we planters amuse ourselves. The coolies are upset. I doubt if they would work at all; if they did, they would work badly. A beat will freshen everybody up.'

Tibberd grunted.

Mrs. Binway's thin voice broke into the silence that settled over the company again.

'It has all been very sad, most curious, so funny, but at the same time it has seemed so natural. This wild valley is—well, it is such a funny place, anything might happen. But it is so beautiful, just like the lovely buildings I saw in the north; it seems strange that anything horrible could happen—and yet it is so natural and so—'

'Yes,' grumbled Tibberd, 'the beauty of India is just a shell, a deceptive shell. Underneath that shell you won't find beauty, at least not very often.'

'Oh, I don't know; I doubt if there is anything very deep in India. People are rather fond of talking of this country's picturesque veneer that covers mysterious depths. It seems to me everything is very obvious, very obvious.' Hugh Binway's languid voice trailed away as Tibberd removed his pipe to deliver a brusque retort. But at that moment a boy brought tea, and the conversation drifted between the coming planters' meeting at Baheteglur and the prospects of the next day's beat.

As the delicate light failed round about the bungalow, conversation languished into silence once again. And as if to escape from the leaden mood that weighed upon the verandah Marjorie and Mrs. Binway went into the bungalow.

Shortly afterwards Shendaw got up from his chair and said he would not stay for dinner.

'I'll go back to Hiboor,' he said, 'to see about the coolies for to-morrow. Come over early. We may have good sport.'

'We may,' said Tibberd dubiously. And Shendaw laughed at him.

It was a clear night. The road showed plainly under a star-specked sky. Every hanging leaf was lustrous with dew as Shendaw rode slowly through the stillness to Hiboor. And when he dismounted at the stable and had tied up the pony, he stopped to listen before entering the bungalow. Sunu was singing in her low musical voice. It was a peculiar song, he had heard her sing it before; it was always at night that she sang it—yes, always at night.

Next morning, when Shendaw emerged from the bungalow, Sunu watched him from where she was weeding the garden path. She wondered if the Sahib had heard her singing in the night. She had started to sing when she heard the patter of the pony's feet upon the road. 'Had the Sahib heard her? Had he understood?' She raised her hands shyly to her forehead and salaamed.

Shendaw gave her a curt nod and walked to the rear of the bungalow, where Katinga Rao was assembling the coolies.

'When Nunu shikari comes tell him to take the coolies and place them ready for the first beat,' Shendaw told the Munshi.

'Yes, Sahib; and, Sahib,' asked Katinga, 'may I then go to Konpa, for my brother is very sick?'

'Yes,' answered Shendaw. 'Yes, I am sorry he is sick again, quite as sorry as I was to hear of his death last week.'

Katinga's jaw dropped as he watched the planter go into the bungalow.

Half-an-hour later the cavalcade arrived from Sisonoo.

'So this,' said Mrs. Binway, as she descended from the tonga, 'is where another hermit lives.'

Tibberd winced at her high-pitched voice.

'Ah,' she continued. 'Look, Marjorie, Mr. Staines has at least got curtains up in his bungalow. Much nicer than Mr.



Tibberd's—much nicer. Never mind,' Mrs. Binway added, turning to Tibberd and patting his arm, 'you dear funny man, I will send you some from home.'

'What a beautiful girl that is in the garden!' Marjorie pointed to Sunu.

'Yes,' admitted Shendaw. 'I suppose she is. But she has been working in the garden so long that she has become—well, just part of the garden.'

'Just about as, and no more important than, say, one of the kerosene tins or one of those dried-up lilies, I suppose,' smiled Turner.

'Yes, that's it,' Shendaw laughed.

'I don't believe you,' snapped Mrs. Binway. 'I don't believe you; but show me the tigers and things and afterwards I'll tell you what I think of you for having that girl in the garden; how funny you men are.'

Shendaw led the way round the bungalow past the stable and out along a road that ran below the lower fields of the Hiboor coffee. They were walking above the valley bed that stretched its vivid green crops between the walls of serene jungle. Above the road rose red-earthed slopes bearing the orderly rows of coffee trees. The listless leaves hung down motionless in the stuffy air. Monkey troops crashed from branch to branch high up in the shade trees, chattering and swearing at the small company of Europeans in the frenzy of their play. All else was silent except for the Gowdas' cattle cries that drifted up from the grass villages on the millet fields below.

'I suppose you don't shoot pig,' observed Hugh Binway. 'I have always ridden them, you know.'

'Whether or not pig are shot largely depends on the ability of the rifleman. But I suggest that you go back for your pony. We will watch you steeplechase through the jungle.' Tibberd laughed over his shoulder and winked at Marjorie.

'You will have to knock out some of your man's superiority, Miss Turner,' he added.

'My son,' broke in Mrs. Binway, 'is not superior; he has a lot to learn, you can't expect—he is not, he has, and—'

The drone of voices faded round the corner of the road. Old Turner stopped to light his pipe. He took a long look at the sleeping valley. It was all so intimate, from Hisson's ridge to Kodi-Kundi under the copious spread of blue sky. His eyes roamed over the

careless harmony of nature's wild design. The rounded tree-clothed hills, the black-shadowed nullahs, the terraced paddy-fields, and the shivering leaves of silver oaks; and, above all, the silence and the serenity. He had seen the same scene every day of his life in the valley, and to-morrow he was to leave. His baggage had gone in the rumbling carts that morning. Turner was glad when he thought that Sisonoo had passed into Shendaw's hands.

'He is part of the valley,' he murmured. 'The boy won't grow tired of it. He will stay.'

Reluctantly he followed the others along the road. His shoulders were bent. He walked slowly. He wished he had asked Shendaw for a coolie to carry his rifle.

Round the corner in the road Nunu was waiting. He had already put the other guns in their places along the border of the coffee and in the strip of light jungle that separated the road from the grass waste that ran up from the river bank.

'Salaam, Sahib.'

'Salaam, Nunu.'

The shikari's lithe brown skin was glistening with sweat. From the shadow of a close-folded pugaree his dark eyes shone bright. They moved quickly, they were alert, his nostrils twitched and his long thin fingers caressed the light rifle that he carried. Arranging a folded *comblé* for Turner, he waited until the planter had seated himself. He then showed him where the other guns were hidden. This done, Nunu wavered out a long piercing call and instantly far on the slope above the hubbub of beaters sent echoes coursing through the trees.

Hemp powder bombs burst in quick succession as the line of yelling beaters pushed their way downhill. The clang of gongs vibrated their harsh metallic sound through the trees. From dead silence there had risen suddenly a hideous medley of sound that sent parakeets screeching through the air.

From where Shendaw crouched against the twisted trunk of a giant *basri* he could see Hugh Binway half-hidden in a lantana bush. And farther down the road between some grey boulders were Marjorie and Mrs. Binway. He could see Mrs. Binway's eager face peering up the slope, watching every movement made by Tibberd, where he knelt behind a crumbling bank of earth. Marjorie waved a hand to Shendaw. He returned her salute, and then something moved in front of him. It was a small jungle cat slithering close to the ground under the coffee-trees. Before he could raise

his rifle it had vanished in a patch of coarse manni grass. Shendaw whistled softly to attract Binway's attention, but he did not hear.

Away to the left came the unmistakable sounds of a sambhur crashing down-hill towards the road. Turner's rifle cracked once—then again. Shendaw saw Mrs. Binway and Marjorie clapping their hands. Evidently Turner had killed.

Nearer and nearer came the yelling line of coolies and the deafening hammer of gongs. One after another powder bombs burst with a vicious bark. The startled cries of jungle fowl added their shrill quota to the din. Then Tibberd fired. Shendaw could not see at what. Another sambhur bounded out of the shadows dead in front of Binway; he fired. The graceful beast sprang aside unhurt and leaped over the road, to disappear in the bamboos below. Shendaw heard Marjorie's gay laughter when she mocked Hugh's ill-success.

'Her man,' thought Shendaw. 'My God, engaged to that stiff-jointed prig—Marjorie to marry that fool of a man. To live with him and hear his languid voice day and night. To-morrow she would go home with her father. That fool would be with her—he would not.' There was fear in Shendaw's heart when with deadly suddenness he realised how he wanted the dainty girl to stay. A girl of his own kind—three days she had been in the valley—to-morrow she would leave the Kappu—and leave him.

Sweat filled the palms of Shendaw's hands, he was not hot—he was shaded from the sun—he was cold, dead cold, yet the blood was hammering through his veins.

'Ah-yha-hah-yhai.' The raucous chorus of coolies' voices approached. Somewhere to the left of Binway wood cracked sharply. Shendaw saw the two women look eagerly in the direction of the noise. He saw Binway turn cautiously towards the sound. In the lantana bush there was only a smudge of khaki, a patch of shirt; it covered Binway's back. Slowly Shendaw's rifle crept up against his shoulder; his finger pressed slowly over the trigger; the foresight centred steadily on the khaki patch—a yell—an arm struck his rifle up as the report echoed out and by his side Shendaw saw Nunu's face, the eyes dull with fear and puzzled.

'Sahib.' The shikari breathed the word. For a moment his thin, cold fingers rested on Shendaw's arm; they seemed to clear his head of the madness that had seized him. The blood throbbed violently in his temples and for a minute everything looked twisted before his eyes.

The next instant the native's arm shot out. It pointed to a huge boar where it stood hesitating, half hidden in a bank of grass. Binway did not see it; it was within two yards of where he knelt in the lantana bush. Shendaw aimed and fired; there was only the dismal click of a striker against the empty breech. Nunu shouted—the boar charged, and Binway was hurled sprawling to the road, where he lay still in the wake of the savage rush.

Marjorie's terrified cry sent Shendaw running to her side, and it was then that the line of jabbering coolies flooded out of the coffee.

Tibberd was the first to reach Hugh. His hands passed quickly over the crumpled man lying motionless in the road.

'All right, only stunned, nothing broken.'

Marjorie gave a sob of relief when she heard the verdict. She leaned on Mrs. Binway's arm while the coolies made a stretcher of bamboo poles and pliant creeper. Shendaw helped to lift him on to it and then went back to Marjorie, and followed slowly behind the wounded man as he was carried slowly down to the Hiboor bungalow.

'It was awful,' whispered Marjorie to Shendaw.

'It was.'

'He might have been killed.'

'Yes.'

She did not know why his answer was scarcely audible.

Before night fell Hugh appeared on the verandah of Hiboor. He was pale, but otherwise he had quite recovered from his shock. After dinner Turner decided to leave for Baheteglur from Hiboor without returning to Sisonoo, and when Shendaw had arranged for Marjorie and Mrs. Binway to occupy his room and had seen the necessary camp-beds erected in the office for the men, he returned to the verandah and sat down.

He shuddered as he remembered the crazed impulse that had commanded him to shoot when he saw the small patch of khaki shirt moving in the lantana bush. The memory of the stark horror of that moment burned afresh and sent his heart bounding. It had been a mad minute; but if he had shot perhaps Marjorie would have stayed with him, or at least he could have gone home and brought her back to the Kappu; but no, she was leaving in the morning. He had not shot, he had tweaked the beard of murder. He felt sick and weak as he lay back in his chair watching the fire-flies darting through the night.

He was alone, breathing in the essence of the night, sweet with

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the scent of grevillia, mint, and yellow split-leaved celandine. The air was heavy with the richness of the soothing medley of smells that rose up from the shadowed valley where the bamboos were creaking.

Shendaw slept.

And as his eyes closed a slim figure, shrouded in a sari, slipped up the verandah steps. A silver bangle tinkled on the stone. The figure stooped and a dainty brown hand placed a small bundle of panther's bristles at the planter's outstretched feet, and the next minute Sunu glided away behind the bungalow.

Through the lights of dawn as the sun chased the blue-black shadows from their lairs, Tibberd drove the first car from Hiboor; and Marjorie looked back on the silent Kappu. She held her father's hand. He had his eyes fixed steadily on Tibberd's shoulders. In the second car that followed down the dusty road Mrs. Binway shivered as it sped through the cold, damp air. She mentally reflected that she wished Hugh's shoulders could have been as broad as Shendaw's. They looked so narrow beside the planter's. 'But he has brains.' She comforted herself with the thought. 'Yes, Hugh had the brains, and after all Mr. Staines was only a planter.'

Before midday the cars had passed through Hallebile and over many shadowed miles to the Mhatu jungles, under the interlocked branches of screw-trunked basris and the feathery shade of slim gundigérigees. In the heat of midday they sped clear of the jungles through a Toda village and cut over the grass flats that lay round the small village of Drimoga, where light-built cattle pulled at the rain-starved pasturage.

Hugh Binway blinked at the distant Bababoodan hills, and wondered what the hills were that appeared on the horizon to the south. The road had been rough; he still felt the bruises caused by the fall on the previous day. And he was glad when the tedious drive ended as the cars bumped through the outskirts of Baheteglur and came to a stop opposite the low club-house. The bazaar appeared like a shadowy wall on three sides of the club. Low white buildings loomed out of the night. Only a few lights pricked the darkness.

'Peaceful,' said Shendaw, as he entered the lamp-lit dining-hall.

'Yes, up to now,' answered a man from the south.

'What do you expect?'

'There are rumours about the ryots. They are uneasy. The Deputy seemed a bit nervy this morning,' put in another planter.

As Shendaw turned away to find his room a little man bobbed out of a chair and held out his hand.

'My name is Higgins. You kindly gave me shelter on the day your friend, Mr. Maclean, died ; yes, that was the day.'

'Oh yes.' Shendaw shook Higgins by the hand. 'Are you here for long ?'

'Until this trouble is over, only until then,' said the little man. 'Then I may come to Konpa again.'

'Your gospel of peace has not had effect round here, so you are coming to the Kappu, is that it, Mr. Higgins ? Well, at any rate, you will find peaceful surroundings in which to start—your agitation.'

Shendaw laughed. And Mr. Higgins shivered. He had heard that laugh before, in the dead of night. He remembered. He shivered again—yes, in the dead of night, that queer dry laugh, mirthless laugh ; it was strange—he could not understand. Higgins sat down again in his chair and watched Shendaw through a window walking across the compound to the men's sleeping quarters. A strange laugh—queer—very queer. And outside night was falling fast to smother Baheteglur in a veil of its dim blue-grey shades. From the neighbouring Mhatu jungles a wind sighed across the rolling grass flats and whistled curiously about the tiles of the club-house roof. Up and down the road that ran close by the forms of natives passed into the bazaars. A few carts lumbered in from distant villages, their wheels creaking over the bumpy road. Higgins watched lights appear one by one, and then he moved on to the verandah, where most of the planters had gathered. A gramophone was playing and some of the men were singing—it was more cheerful than in the inner room. Higgins found relief in mingling with the company, but he could not forget Shendaw, and more especially the laugh—the dry laugh.

*(To be continued.)*



### A SALON OF YESTERDAY.

PARIS, of course, always has been and probably always will be the capital *par excellence* of *Salons*; and although from time to time one hears from querulous *laudatores temporis acti* the lament 'There are no more salons as there used to be,' no one who knows Paris intimately pays any heed to this really groundless complaint. Such social centres naturally change in some degree in tone and character as time passes and the circumstances of life alter, but not really so much as one might imagine; fundamentally they remain the same, and may be broadly divided into two classes—places where one is bored, like that of Mme. Dournow in the Petersburg of the old days, and that of Juliette Lambert in the Paris of forty years ago (to mention but two of countless Temples of Pose as typical of a class); and places where one is amused, such as that of Princess Dietrichstein in the delightful Kaiserstadt of pre-war days, that of Mme. de la Tremoille in the Avenue Gabriel, and that of Mme. de Nerville and Mme. Aubernon (mother and daughter) in the Avenue de Messine in Paris. This last-named social centre was certainly one of the most delightful to be found in the French capital a few years ago, and it is surprising no mention has so far been made of it in print. The atmosphere of the *salon* of Mme. de la Tremoille was purely that of the *grand monde*—the grace and refinement of the 'noble Faubourg' brought across the river and greatly enlivened by the sparkle of modernity; but that of the ladies of the Avenue de Messine, while retaining unimpaired a dominant note of good breeding, was receptive of a strain of Bohemianism (but only Bohemianism of really valuable quality—not the cheap journalistic stuff to be found in such profusion in the little *entresol* of the well-known dispenser of Academy fauteuils, the Comtesse de Loynes, in the Champs Elysées, where Paul Deschanel and Jules Lemaitre were really the only habitués of any importance) which was very pleasant. In the *salon* of Mme. de Nerville and Mme. Aubernon, Dumas fils was the presiding deity (the night he read to us there, before he sent it to the Comédie Française, 'La Princesse de Bagdad' is unforgettable), but most of the notabilities in the social and artistic world of Paris were to be met with from time to time beneath this hospitable roof-tree.

In an article on Sarah Bernhardt and Aimée Desclée, which appeared in THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE some months back, I was compelled in all verity to mention an act of incredible callousness and cruelty on the part of Dumas fils, namely, that he advised Montigny of the Gymnase to delay paying to Desclée arrears of salary owing to her, on the ground that she was dying, and her heirs, if any, would never claim the money. If I had not known this to be an absolute fact, quite beyond the reach of all doubt, I could never have believed it; for the Dumas fils I knew—and I was on terms of comparative intimacy with him for many years—was not only a man of great kindness of heart and delicacy of feeling and extreme refinement, but moreover, a most generous—albeit somewhat cynical—benefactor to the innumerable applicants for help—money, influence or what not—who thronged his path. By the way, one of the most obvious reasons why he was so perpetually being appealed to for assistance in every way, was because he liked associating with the young. I remember quoting to him once :

‘ Je crois que la vieillesse arrive par les yeux,  
Et qu’on vieillit plus vite à voir toujours des vieux ’—

and he smiled approval and said : ‘ Vous avez joliment raison mon enfant. I am quite sure of it.’ He told me that at one time he used to receive on an average between ten and fifteen manuscript plays a week, sent for him to read and report on by people he had never even heard of, mere youths for the most part; and when I demurely queried : ‘ And of course you read them all carefully,’ he replied with a smile that belied his words; ‘ *bien entendu!*’ A fact that possibly no one who did not know him rather well—or perhaps I had better say, see a great deal of him—would suspect, is that there lurked in the nature of Dumas fils not a little of the *gamin de Paris*, inherited no doubt from his illustrious father, who as a matter of fact never grew old and was a mere boy—indeed one might almost say a child till the day of his death. To the outward world, Dumas fils was grave, almost in fact pontifical, and very cynical. But with his friends, and particularly in the salon of Mme. de Nerville and Mme. Aubernon, he would often indulge in fantastic freaks of *fumisterie*—or, to use our vulgar equivalent, ‘ leg-pulling ’—that were very amusing. These tricks he generally played on *poseurs*, and of such there is always a profusion in a social centre like the one I am alluding to. Here is an example. The Greek Legation, at that time presided over by Prince Ypsilanti,

was almost next door in the Avenue de Messine to the house inhabited by the ladies whose salon I am alluding to, and attached to the Legation (in what capacity I forget, but I think as unpaid second secretary) was a young man whose equal for gigantic and unblushing vanity and incredible stupidity I confess I have never met. I will not give his name, for I believe he still adorns Athenian society; and will content myself with merely saying it ended in 'poulos'—a very common ending to Greek surnames. This fatuous youth firmly believed himself to be a genius; wrote plays by the dozen, and, Dumas fils being the god of his idolatry, never failed to send all of them—one after the other in quick succession as he wrote them—to the author of 'Le Demi Monde' for his opinion, which was invariably most favourable, although I am quite certain he never read a line of any one of them. I did once—a comedy called 'Le Soupir,' and indeed lent the MS. to Henry James to read, but it was too indigestible even for the author of Guy Domville, and that perhaps is saying not a little. These dramatic masterpieces (each one always accompanied by a note saying how highly it had been praised by Dumas fils) were submitted in succession to the manager of every theatre in Paris, and of course were invariably returned with thanks; and so endless was the stream of these plays and so perpetual their rejection that in course of time the mental fertility of this young fellow-countryman of Aristophanes, and his incredible *toupet* in continually bombarding poor managers with his trash became quite a legend in the theatrical world of Paris. He was very rich, and once when I told Mme. de Nerville how Labiche had said to me that for a long time no manager would read his (Labiche's) plays because he drove up to the theatre in his coupé (the idea being that no young man with money could possibly have any literary talent) she laughed and said: 'Do tell that to —poulos, it will delight him.' I followed the advice of my charming hostess and the young Greek was not only greatly pleased, but gravely informed us that he would take a lesson from what Labiche had told me and in future himself bring his plays to managers very shabbily dressed so that they might take him for a pauper! This thick-skinned, vain Greek Jocrisse was always a source of great amusement to his idol, Dumas fils, who would gravely and solemnly rake him with raillery and shafts of satirical silliness, he all the while being quite unconscious that he was being made fun of and accepting all Dumas' remarks to him as being words of wisdom, the sage counsel, as it were, of a Socrates to

a beloved pupil. For example, Dumas had (of course in jest, but only partly so after all, for this rich young coxcomb was too good a prize to escape the notice of intriguing parents in quest of a well endowed son-in-law) often gravely advised him to remain single, not giving him the real reason of such advice, but enveloping his admonitions in a whimsical wrapper of sententious and nonsensical verbosity which made the young Athenian humbly accept them as words of wisdom winged with wit. But nevertheless he married (an American lady—the marriage was a very unhappy one) and, on his return to Paris after his honeymoon, came to Mme. de Nerville's without his bride to meet his friend. Dumas knew he was coming, and had told us he was going to tease him, and so when the young Greek was announced he assumed a grieved and yet resigned air.

'Pythagoras,' he said with a grave smile, as he shook the young man's hand, 'as you are probably aware, sacrificed a hundred bulls in honour of his discovery of the hypotenuse. What shall I do to honour your return to Paris, *mon ami* ?'

'Believe me, I expect no fatted calf to be killed, *cher maître*,' said the young Greek. 'Indeed, I think it is very good of you to receive me at all after my having acted so contrary to your advice. You must have been greatly shocked to hear of my marriage.'

'No,' said Dumas, 'pained, of course, but not shocked; not even surprised, for I had foreseen it. You know, or you ought to know, for I've told you often enough, that a Microtheos as you are, as every man is, you have within you three kingdoms: the soul world, the spirit world, and the world of the senses. You have allowed your soul to get the mastery, that is all.'

The young man was greatly impressed.

'Have I indeed? Oh, of course, if you say so it must be true,' he exclaimed sorrowfully.

'Of course it's true,' continued Dumas. 'The soul viewed apart from the spirit is darkness and fire—natural selfishness. In the soul is the glowing triangle, the worm, the restlessness of the ego, with its passions and dark torture chamber. Have you never read the New Testament, my young friend?'

'Of course I have.'

'Well, notice what St. Luke says: "The children of this world marry and are given in marriage, but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead neither marry nor are given in marriage, neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels."'

The culprit bridegroom who was being thus cruelly belaboured by the inspired words of an evangelist coming from the lips of one of the most cynical men in modern Paris, looked so terrified that Mme. Aubernon and I had to turn aside to avoid giving the show away by our smiles.

'And,' continued the author of 'La Princesse Georges,' 'don't run away with the idea that this saying that they're equal to the angels in any sense implies that they cease to be human beings, not at all; but that they, as *human beings*, shall be equal to the angels. They are to be raised above the contrast of sex, like the angels. There is a saying of an old Tibetan myth: "Those who do not die have no need to beget children." If you had only allowed yourself to be wholly absorbed by the Kingdom of the Spirit, you would have been one of these, *mon ami*. As it is, listening only to your soul, you have degraded yourself!'

'*Parfaitement!*' I exclaimed, nodding acquiescence.

The poor Greek was bewildered.

'But,' he cried, 'if everyone was like that, how would the world go on?'

'That,' broke in Mme. de Nerville, glad of an excuse to laugh, 'is the argument of a drunken ploughboy—that doesn't concern us.'

'Man,' resumed Dumas very solemnly, 'unlike the animal—and pray remark this—was created at the outset as a unity, as one single human being who included in himself all humanity; it was the animals who made their appearance in pairs, a plurality of he's, she's. Adam was androgynous, combined the essence of the male and female natures; and to reach that perfection, that happiness which is your birthright, you must return to that condition. The severance came to Adam later, and then his disdain for the divine method of multiplication; so that, as Erigena says, "*in pecorinam corruptibilemque et masculo et femina numerositatem justo judicio redactus est.*"'

'So you want me to become androgynous?' exclaimed the Greek.

The coarse, heavy, bearded face of the man who uttered this pitiful and despairing cry was too much for Mme. de Nerville, who burst out laughing and went up to him and touched him lightly on the shoulder with her fan.

'Yes, that's it!' she exclaimed. 'Courage, *mon ami*. Do as he tells. Listen to him.'

'Remember,' continued the author of 'L'Affaire Clemenceau,' 'if you would be beautiful, spiritually beautiful, you must rise above the sexual contrast, and express a combination of the nature

of the man and woman. Franz Baader says that Raphael's Sistine Madonna is androgynous. What he means is, that in this woman we behold the contrast between the masculine and feminine harmonised ; that in this figure every trace of animalism is extinguished and that it reveals to us a transcendent loveliness before which we stand enraptured as if in a vision.'

What further appeals to the fat young Athenian to regain his birthright of spiritual perfection and become more like the Sistine Madonna Dumas might have made, who can say, but just then Mme. de Behague, one of his most cherished friends and admirers, was announced, and he left the disconsolate bridegroom to consider his degradation in the new light which had been shed on the subject of marriage with so much earnest eloquence, such wealth of apt quotations, and such an abundance of erudition.

As both the ladies, whose *salon* I am speaking of, were passionately fond of music, not a few of the leading composers and musicians of the day enjoyed their hospitality : Anton Rubenstein, whose playing Saint Saens describes so well as the delicate but powerful velvet paws of a wild beast caressing the keyboard ; Saint Saens himself, not of course a genius, nor even a composer of great originality, but a very sympathetic and distinguished interpreter of the genius of others ; Taffanel, the great flautist ; Sarasate, who seemed to inspire his violin with life, and last, but not least, Gounod, were often to be met at Mme. de Nerville's. It was my great privilege to enjoy the intimate friendship of Gounod (I knew him many years before I had ever even heard of Madame de Nerville) and I may truly say I have never met a more lovable and extraordinary man. He was absolutely devoid of the least taint of affectation—was as simple and frank and impulsive as a child, and was a most extraordinary genius quite apart from his gifts as a composer. To hear him discourse on any topic—whether he really knew anything about it or not made no difference, his marvellous imagination inspired his words, which were always instinctively chosen with such exquisite good taste that his sentences seemed musical—was a delight which anyone who ever enjoyed it can forget. I remember one instance of this in particular. I wanted to know, for a reason I need not enter into here, what would be the mental condition of a man suddenly stricken with blindness. I asked two of the leading physicians of Paris, both friends of mine, but their replies were lifeless—purely scientific. Then one day I happened in the Champs Elysées to come across a M. Levanchy Clarke, whom I had often met



at Sarah Bernhardt's in the Rue Fortuny, and who was head of an establishment for the blind in Paris. From him I felt sure I could learn what I wanted to know, or at least get some clue or guiding idea that would help me. But no, absolutely nothing; his verbosity was as lacking in light as were the juiceless observations of the medical men. When he had done telling me nothing in very many words, and doubtless reading my disappointment in my contempt-curved smile, he said suddenly:

'You know Gounod very well, don't you?'

'I do. Why?'

'Well, he's the very man to tell you all you want to know.'

'Why? I don't understand. Has he ever had anyone he loved suddenly stricken with blindness?'

Levanchy Clarke smiled. 'Never mind,' he said, 'take my advice: ask him.'

I did. It so happened that that very evening I met him at Mme. de Neville's and asked him, telling him at the same time how the two physicians had failed me, and how the head of an asylum for the blind had pelted me with platitudes. Gounod listened to me very attentively, his eyes growing more and more luminous as I explained what I sought to know, and recounted my disappointments. When I had done he said in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, 'Blind! Suddenly blind! Darkness. No! No darkness; only change of vision. But terror, oh, great terror, for the things we love, the things that help, encourage, comfort us suddenly withdrawn; wonder, uncertainty, fright taking their place; and then, oh! then, everything overwhelmed, flooded, submerged in a great torrent of self-pity.' Thus he began. Dumas fils, who was sitting near us talking to Emile Augier and General de Gallifet, had heard my question; and so, as Gounod began to reply, he held up his hand to enjoin silence. Much that the great *maestro* said—his Dantesque sketch of the first utter desolation—and then his exquisite and fairy-like description—Massenet, who was there and heard him, said it reminded him of the famous *scherzo* 'Queen Mab' of Berlioz—of the revival and return one by one of the things suddenly eclipsed, the spirit and essence of them, now far more true and real, closer, clearer than ever seen by the eye of flesh. I have forgotten, but some of his final remarks I noted down. As all his friends knew well, there were in Gounod two men, the Christian and the pagan, and this fact was exemplified by his words that night.

'This withdrawal,' he said, 'of any one of our poor senses is

after all a gain. God takes nothing away that He does not restore improved and amplified, full measure pressed down and running over ; so the so-called loss of one sense leads not only to the intensifying of the power of each of the others, but to a concordance among them which, could it be brought to perfection, would be a new power.'

'How ? I don't understand,' said Mme. de Nerville.

'It's very simple, *chère dame*. Our intelligence, as you are well aware, can know, understand, discover nothing but by the five senses. These five senses of ours are the only intermediaries between our intelligence and universal nature. "Nihil," says Leibnitz, "in intellectu quod non prius in sensu." Our intelligence can only work on the information these senses furnish us with, information according to its (the sense's) capacity, quality, sensibility, power, accuracy. Thus the value of thought, as Taine very plainly shows us, directly depends on the value of the organs of sense ; and their power is, as we know, unfortunately limited, in the first place by their number, there being only five of them. That being so, when one of these few is withdrawn, God, in His love, intensifies the powers of the remaining four. But after all, these paltry five senses of ours only reveal and interpret to us some few, very few, of the properties of the matter which surrounds us ; for please remember that this matter must contain a limitless number of other phenomena which escape our observation, which we cannot perceive owing to the lack of the special sense—the sixth, seventh, eighth, hundredth, millionth sense ; why should the number be limited if we be gods as David says we are ?—requisite to convey the impression of such phenomena to our intelligence. We, with all our five senses intact, are missing all the world's symphony save just what those five notes give. But think of all that a man misses, or, but for God's love, would miss, when he lacks even one of the usual paltry little five windows with which this spirit cage of ours is furnished ; and then think of what we should be if, instead of only having five, we were all full of windows open to the sun ! A man born deaf may apparently live much as another man ; but it is not really so. God compensates him in a very special way. For him the universe is not dumb ; he may perhaps not *hear* noise or music, but he can *see* it. That is how God's love arranges it. And so, when, as in the case my young friend here,' putting his hand affectionately on my shoulder, 'has put before me, sudden physical blindness comes upon a man, the other senses come to the rescue,

and by their now intensified power make up for the loss, as it were acting in a concordance, unity, and harmony quite abnormal, but evoked by the sudden catastrophe.'

Then, as he paused, Dumas said: 'I remember one night at Mme. de Paiva's, Leon Gozlan saying: "As I'm a little mad I've always, I don't know why, instinctively compared the different sensations I experience to colours or shades of colour. So for me Piety is *bleu tendre*; Resignation, pearl grey; Joy, apple green; Satiety, coffee colour; Pleasure, creamy pink; Sleep, tobacco smoke colour; Reflection, orange; Sadness, soot colour; Ennui, chocolate; the disagreeable thought of having a bill to pay is lead colour; money to receive is red—*chatoyant* or *diablotin*; Rent day is burnt sienna—a vile colour; while, as for Happiness, it's a colour I don't know." Gozlan said it all in jest, of course, but there's a goodly leaven of truth in it all the same.'

'I am sure of it,' assented our hostess. 'Mme. Alphonse de Rothschild told me music always called up visions of colour to her mind.'

Gounod nodded. '*Parfaitement*. But all such experiences up to now have been unsatisfactory, incomplete, I think; there's been no perfect concordance and union, no case, so far as I know, where all the senses act in concert and each one in its full power. And yet why should not such an experience be? If *re* is dark blue, and *sol* red, why should not the same sound become tangible and provoke a taste in the mouth and an odour in the nostrils? We now see everything but through a glass darkly. Just picture to yourself how much more complete possession in our hearts and heads we should be able to obtain of anything if only our poor five senses were able with all their power to act simultaneously and in concert, seize upon it all together, and enjoy it in unison; hear, touch, taste, smell, and see it all at once!' Then he quoted:

'La Nature est un temple où de vivants piliers  
Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles:  
L'homme y passe à travers des forêts de symboles  
Qui l'observent avec des regards familiers.

'Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent  
Dans une ténébreuse et profonde unité,  
Vaste comme la nuit et comme la clarté,  
Les parfums, les couleurs et les sens se répondent.'

That evening, I remember, later on, Gounod sang for us. I have heard him sing innumerable times—generally when alone with him in his music rooms in the splendid house built by his son-in-law, Zimmerman, in the Place Maësherbes—but I think I never heard him sing better than he did that night in the Avenue de Messine—inspired, I think, by his recent ecstatic vision of the light in blindness. To hear Gounod sing was a delight indeed—a thing never to be forgotten. He had but little voice, but what he had was very beautiful, and he used it with an exquisite taste all his own. Whatever he sang, he sang divinely; but I think he was at his best in Mozart—*Don Giovanni*, *The Nozze*, *The Magic Flute*. Not many months before his death, Lord Long said to me: ‘To have heard Gounod sing reconciles one to being no longer young, doesn’t it?’ That, of course, is saying a great deal, but still I’m not sure that I don’t agree with him. Gounod honoured me with great affection: told me he was always delighted to see me: to come to his home at all hours, and the more often the better, and so I found myself many mornings very early quite alone with him in his music room listening to him playing the organ—it was worked by water, and he only had to touch a spring to set it going, he sitting looking at me, his kind handsome face crowned by an old black velvet cap, inspired, illuminated by the things of unspeakable beauty his fingers brought to life as they strayed over the keys; a mask of Christ which decorated the organ below where the *maestro* sat improvising, seeming almost to be listening too. He always took me in his arms and kissed me (I can smell his old pipe-smokey beard now!) wherever and whenever we met, and I remember one day when I was standing in the Rue de la Paix, near the Mirabeau, chatting with the late Lady Ripon—one of the most beautiful, clever, talented, and charming *grandes dames* England could boast of—Gounod came suddenly out of Dupoy’s stick and umbrella shop, saw me, beamed, clasped me in his arms and treated my cheek to his usual labial salute. He was in a hurry and left us in a minute:

‘You’re lucky,’ said my lovely companion; ‘I wish he’d kiss me!’

‘I might possibly persuade him to,’ I said with a grin; ‘shall I run after him and try?’

Gounod composed—at least I speak of *Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*—seated at a little table which was really a very small closed piano. His pen would run along the paper as if he were writing a letter: and the full orchestral effect being in his head, he would

only very seldom half lift the lid of the instrument and strike a chord, close it and go on writing again. One morning when I came he was re-writing that exquisite Prologue to *Redemption*. He held up his hand to enjoin silence as I came in ; but in a few minutes he'd done what he wanted, rose, embraced me as was his wont, and then, to my delight, played to me what he had just written, one part of which I remember brought vividly to my mind what Victor Hugo said of Baudelaire : ' Il a créé un frisson nouveau.'

By the way, Gounod himself wrote all the poetic French translation of the words of *Redemption*. He was, as everyone knows, dead against the plurality of modulations at one time in fashion (he said once, ' When the orchestra has been playing in UT for a quarter of an hour, the walls become UT, and the chairs UT ') and would sometimes caricature very comically, at piano and organ, the excesses in this particular of some composers then in vogue. He had indeed a very keen sense of humour and was fond of telling funny stories of the early criticisms of his works. The day after the first production of *Faust* one of the leading authorities wrote, ' A pretty Waltz, tolerably good March, and attempt at a Trio—and that's all ! ' And even his publisher used to say to his little son : ' Now if you're so naughty I shall take you to hear *Faust*.' He firmly believed that all sincere composers reveal their very souls in their works, and I remember once when I told him I had been reading Liszt's ' Life of Chopin,' he said, ' Nonsense : if you want to see Chopin naked, ask Saint-Saens to play you his *Polonaise-Fantaisie*. If you don't cry, I pity you.'

Prince Alexis Galitzin, judging that the atmosphere of refinement of the *salon* I am speaking of would be benefited by the introduction of a whiff of unadulterated Bohemianism (by the way, Prince Alexis had one of the most valuable collections of reliquaries in the world, and his cablegram to the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who had asked his opinion concerning a work of art of that character which he had just bought, caused much amusement at the time, and ran somewhat as follows, ' Trash save for the jewels on it. Not two hundred years old. Martin Schöngauer had no more to do with it than Martin Luther '), and having obtained the permission of Mme. Aubernon and Mme. de Nerville, appeared one evening with two men who looked as if they had escaped from a madhouse—hair and beards which no scissors had ever visited and rough clothes which looked as if they had been bought second-hand forty years before and been slept in ever since—types of the

class described by old Tom Appleton of Boston, U.S.A. (called the Sydney Smith of America—Longfellow's brother-in-law) as 'Genius garbed in poetry, rags, and absinthe': Leon Cladel and Clovis Hugues. So well as I remember, Cladel came but once, but Clovis Hugues came several times, generally brought by Galitzin, but on one occasion accompanied by Gounod, who had known him for a long time, liked him, despite the extreme raggedness and uncleanness of his outward appearance, and told me he was a man endowed with a high and quite abnormal degree of spirituality. In saying this, Gounod did not, of course, intend to refer to any gift connected with the vulgar phenomena of Spiritualism; but very many years later Prince Alexis told me the following curious facts about his hirsute protégé. Clovis Hugues (whose right name, by the way, was Hugues Clovis) was compromised in the affairs of the Commune in Marseilles and, together with his bosom friend Gaston Cremieux, was, in the town where the accent of the natives has been cleverly described as 'rolling stones and fire,' arrested, lodged in jail, and condemned to five years' imprisonment; his friend to death. At the time Galitzin told me this, Hugues had just published a poem on Joan of Arc which had been crowned by the French Academy, and the Prince, meeting him on the boulevard and taking him into the Café de Madrid, asked him how it was that he, a Free Thinker, had chosen such a subject when there were so very many others of a more congenial character ready at hand. 'I couldn't help it,' said Hugues, 'I was forced to.' 'How? Who forced you?' 'A spirit!' 'Oh, so you believe, like Victor Hugo, in Spiritualism, do you?' 'Listen,' said Hugues, 'and believe me what I am going to tell you is Gospel truth. I was, as you know, in the prison of St. Pierre in Marseilles in 1871, with my bosom friend Gaston Cremieux, who was condemned to death. There were a lot of other prisoners there and we all used to chat and argue together—the subject of the existence of God and of the immortality of the soul being one frequently discussed. We were most of us Free Thinkers, some rank Atheists, and one day, when one of the prisoners had been holding forth in a particularly cynical and blasphemous way, seeing that it pained Cremieux, I held up my hand and told the man to hold his tongue as it was not decent to talk in that way in the presence of a man who was condemned to death and who was a believer. The man had the good taste to obey me, and Cremieux came up to me and said with a smile as he took me by the hand: "Thank you, *mon ami*, and believe me I



will come and thank you again in your cell when they've shot me and my soul is free." "And did he come?" asked Galitzin. "He did. On the morning of the 30th November very early I was awakened by three loud taps on my little wooden table. I thought at first I was dreaming; but in a few seconds I heard three more taps louder than the first. I jumped up then and listened. Again, three more knocks, this time quite loud. I dressed in haste and called for the warder to take me to Cremieux's cell, where every morning we had our coffee together. But the man told me that my friend had been shot that morning at dawn. Since then I have believed in spirit, and my poem of Joan of Arc from beginning to end was dictated to me by a spirit, and I really had no more to do with it than you had, *mon cher Prince!*" "And then," said Galitzin with a smile, "this occultist suddenly broke away from the spirit world and called out: "Garçon, un bock bien tiré et sans faux col!"'"

By the way, Galitzin's father (he often came with his son to the Avenue de Messine) had been page to the Czar Nicholas I, and he had some very amusing tales to tell of the Russian Court of those days—facts which interested me greatly, as I had many Russian friends, and some years later was myself very familiar with the Court of Alexander III, grandson of the first Nicholas. Many of the particulars he gave of Nicholas I knew already—for example, that he was one of the tallest men in his immense Empire; that he had no eyebrows; and that, not to frighten people, he often addressed them in *la petite voix*, in the caressing treble many people affect in speaking to a baby or a pet animal—but old Galitzin had some amusing things to say about the Empress. When Nicholas died it appears he left his widow an income of £100,000 a year; but yet she was always in debt and appealing to her son, Alexander II, to help her. She would only live in rooms entirely blue—blue carpets, blue hangings, blue furniture—a fad which was the joy of hotel-keepers, who would very naturally not satisfy such a caprice for a small sum; but in another particular she was a nuisance to landlords, for she would not on any pretext allow a bell to be rung at any hour in the hotel where she was staying, as the noise disturbed her nerves. She always brought her own bed with her and her own cook, and every day would take a warm bath of chicken broth, to the making of which fifty fowls were sacrificed. She would only eat a special kind of bread which her private baker, who came in her suite, would make for her every morning. Her husband, the

Emperor, was very fond of her, and during her nervous attacks would nurse her like a baby, sleeping on the floor near her bed on a doeskin sack stuffed with fresh hay !

Old Galitzin was a most extraordinarily young man for his age, and I remember amusing him very much once, when he picked up a pocket-handkerchief Mme. de Nerville had let fall, by reminding him of the story of how Fontenelle, when nearly a hundred, slipped as he tried to pick up the fan of a very beautiful girl, and would have fallen had she not caught him by the arm. He cast a tender glance at her : sighed, and said, ' Oh ! If I were only ninety again ! '

Alexis Galitzin had been a great friend of Liszt, and I remember his telling us how on one occasion when the great pianist was only passing through Paris, he, Galitzin, had taken him to see Rossini, who gave him several compositions to arrange for the piano. He had named each piece after a course : thus, one was ' Potage,' then ' Hors d'œuvres,' ' Poisson,' ' Entrée,' ' Roti,' ' Entremets.' As a matter of fact, towards the close of his life, Rossini only lived to cook and eat. The kitchen was his sole and only occupation and delight.

Both Mme. Aubernon and Mme. de Nerville, like all sane people, adored children, and I remember the last-named telling me a delightful story (which she got from old Admiral Exelmans, I think), about the Duc d'Aumale when he was about three years old. While he was playing with a little girl about his own age, she suddenly stopped and said : ' Oh ! I say—I've been told to call you Monseigneur. Are you a bishop ? ' The baby Prince thought for a moment and then said : ' Well, I don't know—am not sure. I'm so many things, though, that I may be ! ' As a pendant to this I told her the story of how, when a lady asked one of Lady Leconfield's children, Reginald William : ' William is a great name in your family, isn't it ? ' (thinking, of course, of Sir William Wyndham). The boy replied : ' Oh yes ; there's William the coachman, and William the under-coachman.'

Another interesting *habitué* of the *salon* I am referring to was a Baron Periga. Nobody knew much about him, but for a time he went about a great deal in some of the most exclusive social circles in Paris and then as suddenly disappeared ; is supposed to have died of yellow fever somewhere in South America, but not one of his innumerable friends in the French capital could ever find out any particulars, although the Duc d'Aumale and many others tried their best. He was a very delightful man, but, like his co-religionist

Charles Haas (both Semitic), was supposed to have no money, which fact, however, did not seem to interfere in any degree with his enjoyment of life. He evidently agreed with Montesquieu, who says: 'It is bad enough to have no money, but it would be much worse if one had to deprive oneself of the comforts of life into the bargain.' Periga was an acute and profound connoisseur in matters pertaining to furniture, tapestries, etc., etc., and as Mme. de Nerville was very fond of valuable *meubles*, he was constantly being asked to the Avenue de Messine to give his opinion before a purchase was completed. The Duc d'Aumale used to say Periga had saved him from being cheated out of many thousands of pounds. Periga was passionately fond of music (which endeared him to Gounod) and knew not a little about it, although he neither played nor sang nor composed himself. He had a curious theory that Liszt in his *Fantaisie et Fugue pour orgue* (in his 'Illustrations du Prophète') beyond all doubt and very evidently shows, by the choral *Ad nos ad salutarem undam*, that he foresaw all the latest developments and improvements in organs; and that Mozart gives, in his *Sonate en Ut Mineur*, equally abundant proof that he divined all the greatest improvements in the latest pianos. After a little discussion, Periga won Gounod to his way of thinking on this point.

Another frequenter of the *salon* I am referring to was Sardou. I don't think he came because he liked either of the two ladies; and I am quite sure they were neither of them inordinately fond of the man, although they very naturally greatly admired the playwright; but he came because he thought it was the correct thing to frequent a *salon* which was known to be the headquarters of Dumas fils. I knew Sardou very intimately, and I don't think I ever met a man more the slave of what he might consider to be the most paying game for the moment. In politics, of course, he was a veritable Vicar of Bray. Owing, as he did, very much to the patronage of the Empress—as did Trochu—he, like that paltry traitor, the only man whom that most kind-hearted of men, Napoleon III, found it difficult to forgive when speaking at Camden Place of the Dechéance and of the chief actors in that drama, was one of the first to turn against Her Majesty in her peril at the Tuileries after Sedan; and, in a bright orange-coloured overcoat, was seen battering at the gates of the palace surrounded by a howling mob of ruffians just after the Empress, helped by de Nigra and Prince Richard Metternich, had escaped by the entrance opposite the church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, the bell of which, by the way, had sounded the tocsin

for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Sardou's conduct on this occasion was, indeed, so utterly inexcusable that he always sought to put the blame of it on Armand Gouzien, and said he had been enticed into the street by his friend and then found himself carried away by the surging mob. That, of course, was absolute nonsense, and one of Her Majesty's former chamberlains, M. de Varennes, stopped him once by the Café Americain, near the Vaudeville, and said: 'M. Sardou, if your skin wouldn't soil any gentleman's cane, I'd decorate your cheeks with it!' The truth is that Sardou bore Her Majesty a grudge because at a command performance of *Les Ganaches* at Compiègne, she had refused to decorate him with the Legion of Honour because she fancied she saw in one of the characters of the play a caricature of a lady with whom she was associated in her Rescue for Fallen Women work. Sardou had been led to expect he would be decorated by the Empress herself at the close of the play and was greatly disappointed; and this disappointment became embittered when it came to his knowledge that not only had Her Majesty decided not to decorate him on this occasion, but had actually forbidden the good-natured Emperor to do so. Sardou did not get the red riband until two years later—just after the production of that unsuccessful play, *Les Diables Noirs*.

But I am afraid that among the very many gifts with which the talented author of *Patrie* was endowed, gratitude was not conspicuous. Here is another instance. Gambetta had always been very kind to him. It is true Sardou, who was then well in the saddle, stood in no special need of his kindness, but still he accepted it gladly and was proud of his friendship with the great dictator. Then came a visit from Baron Alphonse de Rothschild to the Quai d'Orsay to express to Gambetta his disapproval of the measure to buy up the railways. Gambetta refused to receive him; the amiable financier was naturally incensed by the suicidal rudeness of the impetuous, hot-headed Léon, and said that evening at a reception at his house in the Rue St. Florentin, in a very significant tone to Mme. de Mirepoix: 'I don't think the present Ministry will last more than six weeks.' This remark was repeated to Sardou, who had *Rabagas* ready—as at that time there were rumours of an immediate restoration of the Empire, and he wanted, as usual, to be on the winning side—and had only held it back because he was afraid of the natural resentment of his friend Gambetta. When, however, he heard that Baron Alphonse had condemned the Dictator to speedy destruction, *Rabagas* was given to the public. 'C'est

ignoble,' was all Gambetta said when he heard of the way his friend had caricatured him—the very words, by the way, used by Napoleon III when he heard of Kinglake's description of the *coup d'état*. But Sardou's absence of all sense of gratitude and his extraordinary selfishness were really amusing, because he always tried to explain his failings in a way that would make them look worthy of commendation. Here are two instances of what I say. As everyone knows, in his early manhood Sardou was very poor, so poor, indeed, that at one time he was glad to sleep on a mattress on the floor of a little shop kept by a saddler, the father of one of his friends, formerly a fellow medical student with him at the Necker hospital. Sardou told me this himself, and added that the smell of leather always brought back vividly to his mind those awful days. Well, this young medical student, many years later, when a doctor, became connected with the Commune, not in any political way, but as a director of ambulances. When the Versailles troops took Paris this young doctor was arrested and condemned to death. Sardou was appealed to by a mutual friend to use his influence to try and save him. Sardou refused point-blank to lift a finger, and justified his most extraordinary conduct by saying: 'I warned him constantly of the danger he was running by associating with those scoundrels, and finally I wrote him a letter of six pages full of advice, and told him if he did not follow it all would be forever over between us. You see he didn't follow my advice, and this is the result. How can you, then, possibly expect me to intercede for him?' Of course, this would be comic were it not connected with a tragedy; would, indeed, be what one would expect a character in one of his own lighter plays to say—for example, a rôle taken by an artist of the *emploi* of an Arnal.

Then another instance of his amusing explanation of what the ordinary world might think not wholly praiseworthy is the following. Up to his death, Sardou, although, of course, a very rich man, never failed every year to apply to the Société des Gens de Lettres for his little annual pension of 700 francs. It never occurred to him to direct that this small sum should be utilised for the benefit of indigent authors, as Jules Simon and others have done; and when questioned on the subject, Sardou blandly explained that he thought such a step would be setting a bad example and very possibly tempting some authors, who could not afford it, to abandon their right to this pension just because he, Sardou, had done so! How a man with Sardou's very keen sense of humour could gravely make

such statements was always a mystery to me. His conduct to Jules Claretie, who had always been his friend, and brought *Patrie* to the Théâtre Français: how, in the matter of Mirabeau's play, *Le Foyer*, Sardou ran about Paris using his influence in every way to get Claretie into trouble with the ruling powers, and how this wicked treachery led to an irreparable breach between the friends—all that is too well known for me to chronicle. No doubt most men have their little meannesses and weaknesses, but as a rule they are more or less ashamed of them, and if they do not absolutely seek to hide them, at least keep them in the background. The amusing peculiarity in Sardou, however, was that he did not ever attempt to keep them out of sight in any way, but, on the contrary, seemed to enjoy having them brought forward and discussed, so that he might explain and justify them. As Mme. de Nerville said, 'He not only did not attempt to wash his dirty linen in private, but delighted to hang it quite unwashed out of his front windows!'

And, on the other hand, I can recall many acts of kindness to his credit. For example, a young Englishman resident in Paris, whom I knew, being aware of my intimacy with Sardou, begged me to ask him to let him know the plot of *Dora* before it became public property, so that he might make use of it by sending it to a London paper. Sardou consented at once, and the young fellow sent it to Edmund Yates to use in *The World*. This same young man was to have brought Squire Bancroft to Marly to see Sardou, to arrange about the right to adapt *Dora* (*Diplomacy*) for the English stage; but he quarrelled with Sardou the day before, and so let Pierre Berton take Bancroft to Marly. The lad called himself Washington Forbes, but that was not his name. Sir Squire, when he reads these lines, will remember the young fellow in evening dress, who, rushing downstairs behind the scenes at the Vaudeville in Paris, nearly fell into his arms, and when Bancroft said: 'Mr. Washington Forbes, I believe,' replied 'No, but you'll find Berton in his dressing-room. He'll take you to Sardou to-morrow,' and then fled. And then again, many years later, when Sardou was about to have a play performed for the first time at the Théâtre Français—*Daniel Rochat*, it was a dull play and a failure—Campbell Clark of the *Daily Telegraph*, knowing what I had done about *Dora*, asked me if I thought Sardou would tell me the story of the play before he read it to the Committee of the Comédie. I asked Sardou and he readily consented, came himself to me the day before he was to read it, and gave me all particulars, which I gave not only to Campbell Clark but to Ryan of the *New York Herald*, who cabled it over to headquarters,



the result being that full particulars of the play were known in London and New York before the author had read it to the artists who were to create the rôles in it in Paris.

I remember a very amusing discussion between Sardou and Dumas fils, who, by the way, did not like him, at Mme. de Nerville's, about *La Haine*. This tragedy, one of the finest plays Sardou ever wrote, was a failure, owing chiefly to the bad acting of the heroine, Lia Félix, sister of Rachel; and Dumas asserted that the cause of its want of success was because the psychological basis of the play was false. In Sardou's tragedy, Cordelia, the heroine, is terribly maltreated by Orso, but gets to love him later when he is helpless and in need of her.

'So far, so good,' said Dumas; 'love springing from hatred when the person hated has need of succour is quite within the bounds of possibility in the tender heart of a woman; but there must be no actual maltreatment.'

'How, then,' said Sardou, 'do you get the hatred?'

'Very easily,' said Dumas; 'indeed, far more effectively if the maltreatment does not actually take place, but is only threatened. The terror and horror inspired by such a crime which is about to be committed—which is apparently inevitable, but which has not yet actually taken place—would be stronger and more full of life than the same sentiment after the catastrophe, for then the suspense, with its innumerable tortures, would have given place to despair.'

'In fact,' said Dumas, who did not mince his words, 'your heroine before the crime is always interesting and lovable; after the crime I can't imagine anyone wanting to see her or hear of her. And you see, *mon cher confrère*, that the public is of my way of thinking.' But Sardou stuck to his guns, and the controversy ended, much to the amusement of everyone present, by the utterance, almost a growl, of two words only, 'Après,' from Dumas; 'Avant,' from Sardou. I don't think that there can be any doubt that the author of *Le Demi Monde* was right, and the author of *La Famille Benoiton* wrong.

In speaking of the two very charming ladies of whose *salon* I have been giving a few particulars, I must not fail to chronicle their well-known generosity in helping the many works of most tender charity which abound in Paris, and which in not a few cases are the creation of ladies belonging to the *gratin* of the noble Faubourg. Lamartine very truly says: 'C'est dans la cœur des femmes heureuses que Dieu a placé le génie de la charité.'

SIGMA.

### SOME MINER POETS.

WILLIAM JONES is a night-watchman, and William Jones has written a volume of poems. He thought long before deciding on the title, but eventually the longest poem of the book, 'Persephone,' gave to the volume its name and took pride of place after the needlessly apologetic preface. When, in course of time, the book was reviewed, William Jones was offended because the half-column of type erected in the local paper to do honour to his achievement was inscribed, 'Poems of a Night Watchman.' No extract was taken from 'Persephone'—parts of it he thought were really excellent—but the whole of the poem on the 'Broken Road' was quoted in full.

He explained his grievance to Mrs. Jones.

'Why,' he asked, 'am I to be labelled with my calling? What has my work as a night-watchman got to do with my work as a poet? What would Shelley think if the public had been invited to read 'Verses by the grandson of a wealthy baronet'? or Wordsworth, if his reviews had been headed, 'Poems by a Stamp Distributor for Westmoreland'? To which Mrs. Jones, who had a rooted distrust of poetry, wisely replied that she was sure she did not know, and that tea was ready.

Now there is something in William Jones' grievance. There is no need why a plumber who is a poet should concern himself with the poetry of plumbing, or why an anthology of Birmingham poets should express the spirit of Birmingham. But none the less it is interesting to see what effect, if any, the plumbing has on the poet, what the poets make of Birmingham, and what Birmingham has made of them. After all, the night-watchman has a first-hand experience that is all his own. As he sits by his glowing brazier in the dark hours when the parish sleeps, he is the only sane man in a realm of nightmare and dream—where the grocer may be Emperor of all the Indies, the magistrate racked by the tortures of the third degree, and the pot-house rogue in the seventh heaven of bliss.

William Jones should take comfort from the fact that Lord Darling sees no shame in the title of his last volume of verse, 'On the Oxford Circuit.' Certainly, his noble lines on 'The Last

Assize ' owe something of their solemn dignity to his life's calling, to his seat of judgment in the shadow of death.

The spectator may see more of the game than the player, but it is the player who feels the glow of excitement, the salt sweat, the joy of rest after weariness, of triumph snatched from defeat. And though the poet as he leans over the gate in the field meditatively chewing a straw, watching the ploughman with his team as they breast the hill, sea-gulls following, and white clouds tossed by the March wind in the blue, may be aware of more than the ploughman, whose eye is set on keeping a straight furrow, he will never know, as the ploughman knows, the feel of the stubborn clay, the response of the stubborn horse. The man who has ploughed the thirty acres in dawn and dusk, come rain or sun, has hard-won knowledge of his own, learned not alone through ear and eye, but through weary muscles and tired horseflesh.

So Robert Bloomfield and Stephen Duck rub shoulders on my library shelves with John Clare, and the miner poets are grouped together for no other reason than that they are miners. As justification I find as bookmark in the life and works of Joseph Skipsey a half-sheet of notepaper with this extract taken from Mr. John Bailey's 'The Continuity of Letters':

All the arts deal with life ; but none draws so closely from it, as none so intimately and powerfully affects it, as literature, and especially poetry, the highest and most excellent form of literature. Literature is life : the life of a man : the life of the man who makes it ; but not only of him, because also of his race : and not only of his race, but also of his age : and not only of his age or of his race, but also, if it be great literature, of all the races and all the ages of humanity. It must be at once individual life and universal.

Joseph Skipsey was born in 1832 at Percy Main, in the Northumbrian coal-field, the youngest of a family of eight children. His father, an overman in the colliery, was shot in the same year in a dispute between the pitmen and special constables. The miners at that time were agitating for a working day of twelve hours and a day's wage which, after deductions, worked out at a little over two shillings and sevenpence. When he was seven years old, Skipsey went down the pit, spending sixteen hours in the dark, opening and shutting the doors through which the tubs of coal passed. A brother helped to carry him to work. He was lowered down the shaft clinging to a chain. In winter, Sunday was the

only day of light. In the mine he taught himself to read, copying his letters from shop bills on to rough wooden boards by the light of farthing dips. It was a borrowed copy of Milton that first opened his eyes to the beauties of a lost Paradise which, through the poets, he was to regain.

So much for the dark background of Skipsey's underworld. If it produced no superman, it cradled a genuine poet. In 'Mother Wept,' we have a poem that shows imaginative insight, but conveys, in fine economy of words, an experience that we feel to be more than imaginary—the lure of a man's work and a man's illusory independence upon the mind of a boy, with death and danger stalking unseen by him, yet in whose far-projected shadow unwittingly he has chosen to tread.

Mother wept, and father sighed ;  
With delight aglow  
Cried the lad, 'To-morrow,' cried,  
'To the pit I go.'

Up and down the place he sped,  
Greeted old and young ;  
Far and wide the tidings spread ;  
Clapt his hands and sung.

Came his cronies ; some to gaze,  
Wrapt in wonder ; some  
Free with counsel ; some with praise ;  
Some with envy dumb.

'May he,' many a gossip cried,  
'Be from peril kept.'  
Father hid his face and sighed,  
Mother turned and wept.

In 'Willy to Jinny' Skipsey shows his mastery of line in a loving study in black and white.

Duskier than the clouds that lie  
'Tween the coal-pit and the sky,  
Lo, how Willy whistles by  
Right cheery from the colliree.

Duskier might the laddie be,  
Save his coaxing coal-black e'e,  
Nothing dark could Jinny see  
A-coming from the colliree.

Willy marries ; he whistles blithely, like enough, as he steps homewards to meet his dear ones, but he whistles too, to exorcise the night-hag Fear, when the knocker-up raps out his insistent summons in the dead hours.

'Get up !' the caller calls, 'Get up !'  
 And in the dead of night,  
 To win the bairns their bite and sup,  
 I rise a weary wight.  
 My flannel dudden donn'd, thrice o'er  
 My birds are kissed, and then  
 I with a whistle shut the door  
 I may not ope again.

In January 1862 a terrible catastrophe occurred in the Northumberland coal-field when, at the Hartley New Pit, near Seaton Delaval, two hundred and fifteen men and boys were buried alive. We forget the cost of coal, but from time to time tragedy makes insistent the whispering in our hearts of which Wilfred Owen speaks in his poem, 'Miners,' and for moments all too brief, the sigh of the coal is heard.

The centuries will burn rich loads  
 With which we groaned,  
 Whose warmth shall lull their dreaming lids,  
 While songs are crooned ;  
 But they will not dream of us poor lads  
 Lost in the ground.

The disaster stirred the north, and it was only natural that Skipsey, who three years before had left the mine to take up work as a storekeeper at Gateshead, should be profoundly moved. His ballad, 'The Hartley Calamity,' like all true ballads, had a wide appeal, and was frequently read by him with extraordinary effect at the meetings which were organised to raise funds for the relief of the widows and children. The ballad opens directly in the old tradition.

The Hartley men are noble, and  
 Ye'll hear a tale of woe ;  
 I'll tell the doom of the Hartley men—  
 The year of sixty-two.  
 'Twas on a Thursday morning, on  
 The first month of the year,  
 When there befell the thing that well  
 May rend the heart to hear.

Ere chanticleer with music rare  
Awakes the old homestead,  
The Hartley men are up and off  
To earn their daily bread.

On, on they toil ; with heat they broil,  
And streams of sweat still glue  
The stour unto their skins, till they  
Are black as the coal they hew.

Here is the genuine north-country ring. Echoes of the battle of Otterbourne still sounded in 'the dales of Tyne and part of Bambrough shire' when Skipsey was a boy at Percy Main, learning ballads by hearsay before he could con the printed page.

A Newcastle contemporary of Skipsey's, Henry Gilpin, in an ornate volume of Miscellaneous Poems bound in scarlet and gold, and dedicated to Viscount Palmerston, M.P., K.G., G.C.B., etc. (with the kind permission of his Lordship) was evidently conscious of the close connection between mining and royalties. The opening address to Lord Palmerston—'Perennial blossom of a nation's hopes, Guardian of England's honour and her fame,'—is followed by 'Albert,' 'To the Prince of Wales,' 'Hartley,' and 'My first Grey Hair' (1857). It is instructive to compare the opening of Gilpin's 'Hartley' with Skipsey's. So let us for a moment watch Gilpin, mounted on his nimble Pegasus, 'full slowly pacing o'er the stones, with caution and good heed.'

Toil on,

In darkness and in gloom and sorrow shrouded,

Hope gone !

The prayer for succour 'mid the gloom ascended ;

No light

Speaks to the captive soul, but all is shaded

In Death's night.

The morning wakened in its richest glory

Upon a world that smiled in very joy,

And hearts beat high to meet the silent danger ;

In safety then the mother kissed her boy,

The daily toil to share with those who loved him,

And earn the daily bread his efforts won ;

For in the caverned darkness of earth's bosom

Brother met brother, father worked with son.

No fear ! for 'men must work and women weep,'

And life is in the hand of Him who gave ;

He watches those who wake, as those who sleep

In mine, in palace, or on ocean's wave.



While the minor poet labours on the surface, the miner poet has got down to the root of things, and hews out of the rock a form of rugged beauty. In later years Skipsey edited and wrote introductions to several volumes of the Canterbury Poets, including that on Coleridge. Certainly, the 'Hartley Calamity' shows more than a trace of the influence of the 'Ancient Mariner.' The four times fifty living men who dropped down one by one in their last sleep, the many men so beautiful lying dead in a far-off under-world, these are alike a common theme. But there the resemblance ceases. I can only quote a few verses, but they, perhaps, will be sufficient to show the quality of Skipsey's ballad. The reinforcement gained from hope as the imprisoned miners listened for the sound of 'the swing and ring of the mall' that meant rescue has vanished. One by one the lamps are smothered, leaving a 'seat of desolation, void of light.'

But lo! yon light, erewhile so bright  
No longer lights the scene;  
A cloud of mist yon light has kiss'd,  
And shorn it of its sheen.

A cloud of mist yon light has kiss'd,  
See! how along it steals,  
Till one by one the lights are smote,  
And deep the doom prevails.

'O father, till the shaft is rid,  
Close, close beside me keep;  
My eyelids are together glued,  
And I—and I—must sleep.'

'Sleep, darling, sleep, and I will keep  
Close by—heigh-ho!' To keep  
Himself awake the father strives—  
But he—he too—must sleep.

Joseph Skipsey knew what he was talking about, knew it by the practical experience that comes from a life shared and by that imaginative experience which is the life-giving gift of the true poet. Henry Gilpin lacks both. He means not wisely, but too well, and the end of his ride sees him with the thin wine of inspiration spilled and 'the bottle-necks still dangling at his waist.' He has drawn out in succession all the stops of his organ from vox humana

to vox celeste, but not until his closing lines does he find final self-expression :

A God-like whisper thrills the electric wire,  
The widow'd Queen to widow'd sisters speaks ;  
Her sisters suffer and she suffers too.

The jewelled crown is glittering on her brow,  
But, oh ! unto the lustre of its brightness,  
Is added tenfold lustre by the grace,  
The gentle, kind, and holy woman's heart  
Of her who wears it.

In 1862, the year of the Hartley calamity, David Wingate penned the preface to his 'Poems and Songs,' from Windmillhill, Motherwell. 'If I have sung badly or thought sillily, let it be no excuse for me,' he wrote, 'that I am, and have been, a collier since my ninth year. . . . God save me from that charity which refrains from calling me a blockhead, because my face is covered with coal gum.'

Wingate's work, like Skipsey's, rings true. There is the same simple directness of thought and expression, seen at its best when, as in 'The Collier's Ragged Wean,' his language is his own working-day Scots homespun :

He's up at early morning, howe'er the win' may blaw,  
Lang before the sun comes roun' to chase the stars awa' ;  
And 'mang a thoosand dangers, unkent in sweet daylight,  
He'll toil until the stars again keek through the chilly night.  
See the puir wee callan', 'neath the cauld clear moon !  
His knees oot through his troosers and his taes oot through his  
shoon ;  
Wading through the freezing snaw, thinking owre again,  
How happy every wean maun be that's no a collier's wean.

From the underworld come the echoes of Burns. The white shoots, the spriglets that in damp places in the pit occasionally grow from the unseasoned timber, only to fade away, white ghosts of a green spring never realised, remind the poet of his own lot :

In fortune thou'rt akin to me ;  
We baith are what we loathe to be ;  
We sunless, sighfu' days will dree  
Wi' ane anither—  
In some disastrous hour may dee,  
Ere lang, thegither.

Wingate is more diffuse than Skipsey, but he has a gift of humour that the other lacks, strong, biting humour, that is partly dependent on a vivid characterisation. 'Peg Lindsay's Prayer, when Jock was drunk,' shows him at his best, while as an example of humour in narrative verse 'The Deil in the Pit' may be cited. The scene is set in the days when women still worked below ground,

. . . lassies braw wi' rosy cheeks  
And coats preen't up like Turkish breeks,

when the 'gin' which raised and lowered the corfs—the baskets in which the coal and miners were conveyed to and from the surface—was literally a one horse-power machine.

. . . Roun' flew the gin like fury,  
The horse was ne'er in sic a hurry :  
A jiffy brang the corf to light,  
Revealin', sirs, an unco sight !

Two Scotchmen, Mr. James C. Welsh ('Songs of a Miner') and Mr. Robert Crawford ('Poems'), with a Welshman, Mr. Huw Menai Williams ('Through the Upcast Shaft'), are representative of the second generation of miner poets. The great war has left its mark—and not the same mark—on the work of at least two of these singers, but more noteworthy is the influence of the industrial war above and below ground. These are poets of revolt.

'You give the world more than it gives to you,' is the cry that comes up from Rhondda, and it is echoed by Mr. Welsh in the Lanarkshire coal-field :

Down in the deep, sunless murk,  
Guiltless of laughter and mirth,  
Playing an epic of work,  
Here in the guts of the earth ;  
That which was forest of trees—  
Flowers of the ages long gone,  
Come we to hive—human bees—  
Honey of gold for the drone.

Prayers that are curses and groans,  
Agonies moulded in tears,  
Pictures in jettest of tones  
Paint we to portray our years ;  
Hope of the ages we know  
Only in times of our dreams . . .  
Masters, why should it be so ?  
Why should life prosper your schemes ?

Mr. Crawford, from the Carse of Stirling, takes up the indictment:

Trade of compassionless shudder, scornéd mud,  
Romanceless danger, sober selling of blood !

More than sixty years have passed since Henry Gilpin, addressing the miners of Hartley, exclaimed :

Ye demi-gods !  
The worship of a nation is your meed !  
We feel our heart's blood riot in our veins,  
And boil with admiration !

But when, after the brief hour of worship, the offertory is collected, the brass farthings and threepenny pieces testify to those second thoughts which so often curb our dangerous enthusiasms. It must be confessed with shame that the steam from that boiling admiration has been utilised to little purpose.

The miner of to-day is conscious of no idylls of King Coal.

He is no hero—that's the tragedy—  
A conscript David fronting mightier Gath ;  
No Lancelot fastidious of a fray  
The dust of which falls not on glory's path,  
And frugal of the blood he scorns to shed  
Ingloriously, as this clown will—for bread.<sup>1</sup>

Indeed, the conditions under which he works—and the conditions when, through lack of work he, in ironic north-country phrase, 'plays,' are not calculated to fashion heroes. A darkness where there are no stars, in which men work half-naked in the heat, is brutalising. Civilisation has good reason to fear the dark and those half-forgotten but lightly slumbering fears and cravings which the dark may liberate.

I know not the sweets of the rose,  
Bend, grind, and labour I must—  
Wind 'mong the pines never blows  
For me—only wild storms of lust  
Surge through my big, hulking frame  
(Love for me never was meant),  
Braised by their force and their flame,  
Tamed only when they are spent.

<sup>1</sup> 'Poems,' by Robert Crawford.

Conceived in the mire and the murk,  
 Born in the slut and the slime,  
 Rocked in the tempest of work,  
 Fed on the garbage and grime,  
 Lashed through the dungeons of life  
 Like sins through the horrors of hell,  
 Stabbed by the storm like a knife—  
 Curse on the things that I tell!<sup>1</sup>

A dark picture, dark because its subject is dark, and because the heated mordant of the etcher has bitten deeply into the plate. These lines are not defective from insufficient biting.

In two of the little dramas of Mr. Wilfrid Gibson's 'Daily Bread,' 'Mates,' and 'The Night Shift,' a different side of the miner's life is represented. He speaks through the non-combatant who is yet in the firing line, the mother, wife, and sweetheart. Their cry is the same as that of the women in 'Riders to the Sea.' He brings out, too, that fierce conflict between mate and mates.

It's sure as death.  
 I cannot leave the pit.  
 My father died,  
 And I will die, a pitman.  
 You wouldn't have me throw up work  
 That I was born and bred to :  
 You surely wouldn't have me  
 Throw over all my mates—  
 The lads I went to school with,

There's not too many of them left now.  
 But all there are went through that night with me.

Let us end where we began with our imaginary William Jones. He has much to justify his resentment against his reviewer. 'The game is more than the player of the game'; he wished his work to be judged as poetry, and not as the literary output of a night-watchman. But there remain certain callings, the sailor's is one, the miner's is another, which are in a category apart. They are strands—all important—in the fabric of our modern world, but they are hidden strands. When the windjammer rounds the Horn, there are no spectators; all are actors; and the miner who 'putteth

<sup>1</sup> 'Songs of a Miner,' by James C. Welch.

forth his hand upon the flinty rock ' searching out ' the stones of thick darkness and of the shadow of death,' is forgotten of the foot that passeth by. There are some who through an imaginative experience can descend with him into the pit, in the same way that Cowper, an inland dweller by a sluggish river, knew what it was to be a castaway. Nevertheless there remains the experience which a man wins (and not only through the sweat of his brow) with the wages that he receives for his day's work. With the miner poets it may be the part of their life which they would well forget, and yet that part of their life by which they will be best remembered.

WILLIAM FRYER HARVEY.



## THE FAITHLESS SHEPHERD.

BY SUSAN GLASPELL.

BECAUSE his father has sheep a boy becomes a shepherd. So it has been since the first flocks grazed over the mountains of Greece—grazing where Greeks unborn would one day build temples, resting in the fallen temples of Greeks long dead. Temples came and went. The flock continues. And though there have been many kinds of Greeks, through it all the shepherd has remained the shepherd, for have not the mountains remained the mountains, and the flocks thereof the flocks of the mountain?

What began before Greek was written was to be the way of it with Epimonondas Paraskeva, the boy of eleven who woke one dawn in the sacred precinct of the temple at Delphi, where he had spent the night wind-shielded by a piece of the old wall, his thin little body curled round a column which now rose less high than he. He woke because something was tickling his face; sleepily he saw it was a big red poppy, bending on its long stem. The fallen temple was a field of blowing poppies.

He thought he heard his name—did some one call Nondas? He had spent the night out with his brother Andreas, who guarded one flank of their big flock now resting above Delphi on the journey from the lower places of the winter up Parnassos, to those places where heat could not come—hidden places, for mountains held things you could not know were there until suddenly you came upon them. Sometimes he and his mother had gone up the mountain to see his father; but they had never gone deep—on and on where only the shepherds went. And the bandits; bandits as well as shepherds lived in those high secret places.

He shivered and raised up to see if Andreas were in sight; but no, and the bells told that the sheep had moved farther away. The bells made him sleepy again, for only some of the sheep were awake, and they were like himself, as much asleep as awake.

Right before him, close enough for his hand to reach out to it, was a great stone, looking as if it had once stood up, but now half lying down, resting against another big stone. And there were letters written in this stone.

He had known before that in this queer place of big fallen things letters were written on the stones, but that was not much to him then, for he could not read the letters. Now the priest had taught him some of them. Could he read this stone? He stretched forward, lying on his stomach and parting the poppies brushing the letters of stone. Δ. Why, that was delta! A letter he knew cut deep in stone!

He crawled closer; he could hardly believe it was true, but the next two letters also he could read—I, and then O. The next one he did not know, and he wished he did because he liked it—two I's a little apart, and held together by a slanting I, making N. Then two letters he did not know, and the second one looked as if it were going to bite; another O, and then it finished with the letter which looked as if it were going to bite—Σ.

There were only six different letters, and three of them he knew. He liked this word which he half knew, and wished he knew what it meant, why it had been cut in stone, and why all those great stones, looking as if they had once made something, but not making anything now, were here alone on the mountain-side. His fingers followed each letter until finger-tips knew the cuts—cuts smooth with age. Then, poppies brushing his slowly moving hand, he was idly looking about—those rich lower slopes of Parnassos, the great olive groves far below, plowland and vineyard stretching up and up, here and there small fields of grain—and everything moving just a little; he heard the bells of his father's flock, heard faintly the waters of the Castalian spring. Things smelled good; though it was dawn he felt warm inside, and as if he could dance and sing—and as if he could cry.

'Nondas!' No doubt about it this time, and he was leaping over the great stones like a kid who must catch up with the flock.

His mother and father were quarrelling, and it was about him. He was to go up the mountain with his father and brother; it was time for him to begin learning to be a shepherd. That was what his father said, but his mother said the priest was teaching him the letters, and that the priest said he learned fast and should be taught to read and write. Then his father struck out his arm, and in that hand was his long shepherd's crook. 'Do I know the letters?' He waved his crook as if over his sheep. 'How many sheep has the priest?'—his father had a voice for the mountains. 'Nondas, come with me.'

Nondas was proud that he was big enough to go with his father

and Andreas, but his mother said if he did not learn the letters now he would never know them, and if he did not know the letters how could he go back and read what the stone said? But that was not a thing he could ask his father; and they would go high—and deep, places you could not have told were there.

As they were starting his mother ran out and milked her goat Katrina and gave him the big cup of milk. And then he saw that she was crying. Only once before had he seen his mother cry, and then his little sister lay dead. One more thing she said to his father. 'Already we have many sheep, and Nondas could learn.'

'We have many sheep and Nondas will learn to be their shepherd,' said his father, whistling to the dogs and starting the many sheep up the steep side of rock over Delphi.

All the rest of his life was in that day. In the days that followed it was done again and again, with increase of care and wonder and hate and ecstasy, but that day was a tracery on stone which the emotion of a life drove into a deep pattern. Not too easy to send five hundred sheep up two thousand feet of rock whose lean is too slight for the eye to know; his father's voice at all the turnings of the long windings, sounds that were not words but a language between his father and the big goats that led the flock, he and Andreas and the dogs always running after a few that had not moved with the many. Every animal of his father's flock had a bell; the big bells were deep, and the little bells were younger sounds. The climbing flock was like a moving mountain—a mountain that made music.

On a ledge where he had gone for a lamb that strayed at the last turning, he had a look down at the temple where the poppy awakened him and he found the letters. A sharp rock had been loosened by the lamb, and it was hurt and frightened, but finally, reassured, hobbled back to the flock. The boy was himself holding to a bush, for it was a dizzy place; about to swing himself up, he looked down. The temple was right below him, and now the great stones were small stones—a pile he did not understand. He knew it had something to do with long ago, and that people came from far countries and dug these stones from earth that had covered them. He would like to know more about it, now that he knew three of the letters. A procession was passing the temple—villagers driving their donkeys to the fields, with them goats and lambs—little groups that were specks. Far below all this, as far

below the temple as he was above it, were the long reaches of olive groves that wound to the Corinthian gulf, and on that deep blue were dots that were sails—beyond the blowing dots the great mountains that were the Peloponnesos. As the light moved on those far mountains it was as if something else moved there; and as he wondered, his eye came back to the stones in which were written secrets from long ago. 'Nondas!' came his brother's voice, and only then did he know that the bells of the flock were getting like the other far away things. He overtook first the lamb that was hobbling, and he picked it up and ran with it to the flock, liking the lamb that had taken him to the ledge where he saw far and knew there were secrets.

At the First Spring was the flock of Lucas Kanellos; the Paraskeva flock must be held back until the Kanellos flock had taken water—hurrying bells of sheep sent from the spring, slowing bells of a flock coming to halt. The dogs of the Kanellos flock circled their sheep as the Paraskeva dogs circled theirs. In the space between the flocks the two shepherds met, and as if they knew that now met the two big shepherds of that slope of Parnassos. Though his father and Kanellos never did actually meet, when they came close each seemed to be holding off from the other, and though they might be speaking of the price of cheese, each had that manner of being careful what he said lest it be held against him and his life taken. But large and magnificent they looked, each in his hairy shepherd's cape, each with his long crook and his flock behind him. They were speaking of Platias, leader of the bandits, and though these were things they must tell one another, for here was danger they shared, they did not say it to one another, but into the air, not to be endangered by giving another person news of the outlaws. Kanellos told the air that from some place he could not remember he had heard Platias had wintered at Agoryianne, and that the outlaws were already in the mountain and had taken sheep from the shepherds on the Agoryianne side. He himself knew nothing. They must keep friendly with these outlaws and give them sheep.

Andreas and Athanasius Kanellos were also talking, as they kept the edges of the flocks apart, and already these younger shepherds had taken on the suspicious manner of their fathers. But finally they were all drawn together by the story of five men in Delphi who had been drunk for three days. The crippled lamb was afraid of the crowding flock and Nondas carried it to the trough

to drink. He heard the boys of the Kanellos flock laughing and threw a stone at them. They threw back, and relations had become more direct and human before the two flocks went their two ways from the First Spring.

Then a long upward march through the great spruce trees. When the trees opened it was another world that opened—not the lower slopes that are gardens, not olive groves and villages and the sea, but the deep, wide, lonely places that are mountain. Nondas had again picked up the lamb, who grew more lame and could not keep up with the flock, when at a turning he saw the crown of Parnassos; across mountains that were foot-hills it rose, above the green and under the snow, the high point of cold beauty to which the whole wide region flowed. The boy stood still, the lamb's heart beating against his heart.

They travelled so long through the spruce that it seemed this was what the world had become; but now they were coming to something else, and his father sent him running ahead to be there to turn the goats that would turn the flock. And so it happened that alone he entered Kalania, the hidden mountain park, came running all by himself into that secret beauty, loveliness that was like a heart, a heart guarded by mountains of spruce. All alone it lay there in the mountain sunshine, fields of blowing flowers, the gentle sweetness of the lower places unafraid in this high loneliness. The birds were here and the sound of running water. And there was more than that. Even then he knew it, and all his life, more and more he knew it. It made the place of guarded beauty his own. He wanted to keep back the flock, wanted it to be longer, that moment he had alone with the beauty he had surprised. He hated Andreas for the way he came into this place, coming as he would into any other place. Suddenly he loved the place fiercely, to make up to it for all his brother had let go unfelt.

Then he saw his father enter, and knew nothing else. For around his father's neck was the lame lamb, hind legs over the one shoulder, fore legs and head over the other. It meant that now the lamb would be killed for them to eat. He had thought of it, and in the moment when he saw the summit of their mountain and felt the lamb's heart against his heart.

'But I will not eat,' he promised the lamb. Yet he could not hate his father as he had hated Andreas. Bearing the lamb that would be taken, turning his flock with great sweeps of his crook and with his great voice, his father came as one who had the right.

'I will not eat,' he said within, more and more fiercely as he smelled the meat and was hungry. 'And this for Nondas,' said his father, handing him a good piece of meat cooked brown over the fire.

It was the lamb, the lamb who had taken him to the ledge, where he looked down at the stones that held secrets from long ago, the lamb he had helped. How could you eat the lamb you had helped?

And then he said to himself that perhaps the lamb would not want him to go hungry when the others ate. He ate, and his eating was like something between him and the lamb. Coldness of night was coming, and the meat made him warmer, and he was grateful to the lamb he had helped. He remembered all the day, and before he threw his bone to the dog, he leaned over the little spring that opened from the great rock, and beside that clear water wrote the letters he had found in stone—ΔION, more he could not remember, except the letter with which it closed, the Σ which looked as if it could bite. That, too, he wrote with the bone he had had from the lamb.

He never learned the other letters. You are a person who knows the letters or a person who does not know them. Like most shepherds he was of the world outside the letters, and because he had wanted much to know them, he shut himself away as one who did not know. But the mountain he knew; he knew the trails to the spring, and where the shade was deepest, and the grazing best. He learned from that good shepherd, his father, how to train the dogs, how to gather sheep that are scattering, how to give the wolf cry—strange sound from the throat of man to let the wolf know the sheep are not alone. Before that night when he helped Andreas lift their father up for a last breath, father handed down to sons his lore and wisdom about a flock—what time is best for shearing, and how to pick the sheep for market from the sheep that shall remain a little longer on the mountain. All this he learned through his father, and shared with other shepherds; but he learned alone what he did not share.

There were times when the wanting to share it had to use a lesser wanting, and when it was his turn to leave the flock he would go down to the wine-shop at Delphi and drink with villagers and shepherds down from other parts of the mountain. And always he was hoping it would happen—that they would know together what perhaps they too knew alone. Would it not be like the

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breaking of a great light—to feel together such things as he felt alone? He had the idea much wine might do it, for did not men drink together because they were too alone? A day and a night, sometimes more, he would sit drinking in Delphi; he would grow as noisy as any, for was there not much to celebrate? And he knew those inmost places, where mountain shadowed mountain, the places where great sombre shadows lay below, while little cloud shadows moved softly across the upper sunshine. He must be drunk for the things sun and moon and stars could do—sunlight after set of sun and moonlight before the risen moon. The star that one instant stood upon the mountain and in that same instant ceased to be! Such were the things he would tell when all told. He might even tell of a place where the path of the moon was the line of the mountain. There was a night—the second night it was after full moon—when for the whole way up the mountain the moon was just behind the edge, and one by one, or sometimes three by three, the trees of the edge stood against the climbing moon—a night when there were trees on the moon! And lines on the moon become signs, as letters are signs that can tell secrets. Sometimes he half guessed the secrets without knowing the signs. The wine made him surer of what he half knew.

So what did it matter what they did, so long as they were coming together in what they did? Pound the table! Shake the man beside you. Yes, be filthy with the rest; just to show you know it can't be hurt—the feeling that is like the mountain places where it is felt. At times they would say he was crazy, for he would shake his finger at them and laugh. He had a secret, and he would grow canny and suspicious, as if the drunken men were trying to get his secret from him. And this was his secret. When minds became like dawn and he told all—one thing he would not tell!

But each time it did not happen that time. The moment when it seemed that, one in wildness, they might by a miracle, like the miracles of sun and moon and stars, become one in knowledge and delight and wonder—they passed it, they did not know the moment when it was there. It would end in Epimonondas Paraskeva becoming more quarrelsome than any. He hated them all, though not as much as he hated himself, and in the dawn, dawn that was just another day, he would return to his sheep, so drunk that Andreas would tell him he was not a man at all, and small wonder the Kanellos flock was becoming more than the Paraskeva flock. When he and his brother quarrelled they talked of dividing the

flock ; neither wanted to divide it, for their father had wanted it to be one, that it might remain the best flock of the mountain.

Nondas loved the flock ; it had been his grandfather's before it was his father's—as far back as their knowing could go a Paraskeva flock had moved on Parnassos. Those men who walked the paths before them had been good shepherds ; and he and Andreas were good shepherds, Andreas perhaps better than he. Andreas knew what should be done, and did it as the sun moves ; yet the flock prospered with Nondas, for it was happy with him, as if some feeling between them made all right.

It was in that feeling between them he knew peace. Those times in Delphi were far between ; his days passed in caring for his sheep, and there went from him to them a feeling like gratefulness, because of what he had from the places into which they took him. He rested in the feeling of their well-being. It pleased him to see them lying down and getting up, to take them to the cold water they wanted, and to lie hours under his tree while they grazed around him, the quiet of their bells assuring him all was well. His sleep knew it if bells changed. He thought of the flock as one, as gentle life that moved on the mountain, its helplessness his own reason for being. There was exaltation in his wolf cry. He hated the bandits, those outlaws who lived in the wildest places, not so much for the danger they were to himself as because, armed, they would come down upon him and demand of his flock, and those sheep he could not save.

Sometimes Andreas asked him why he was a shepherd ; what did a shepherd raise sheep for if not to sell them ? Nondas would try to put off the time of sending to market. The hardest thing he did was choosing the sheep that would be taken. He himself never took the bells from throats that would be cut. He was not thinking of the money they would bring as he watched the sheep driven from the flock, now leaving the care and coolness they would not have again—sheep he had seen become bigger lambs, sheep he had guarded under so many stars ! They did not know to what they went, but he knew, and he, their shepherd, was not calling them back !

But that was as it had to be, and what he felt as he saw the sheep go, made sharper his satisfaction in the well-being of the flock he kept safe in the mountain. He took them to the deepest shade when the day was hot and let them graze under the cool of the stars, the plenty and peace of the mountain theirs—these the

sheep that would one day be packed in boats without water, and parched, footsore and bewildered—unshepherded, would wait death in the noisy misery of the Peiræus. As he hugged the now for them strange wonderings would come. He was a power over the sheep; could it be that over him too was that which knew the doom that waited, and with rejoicing made by sorrow loved keeping him safe in his moment of gladness? As if he took on this feeling that might be over him, there came times when delight became too sharp, ecstasy he did not quite know how to bear. A bird call at the spring, bright flowers bending over water, blowing grass where no one came, the deep voice of the spruce—this would become more than could live in the sweet calm there was between him and his sheep. Old and strong as was the hold of the flock upon him, he knew moments of wishing he did not have the flock. What he wanted was to cry out to the trees and hide his face in the blowing grass. It was like going too high on the mountain for easy breathing.

He was much alone with the sheep, for Andreas could do better than he all those things that had to do with people. Nondas was impatient with the other shepherds, wanting them to be what they were not. But when mounting delight loosened the hold of his life upon him, when he could no longer know alone all that he came to know, those were the times of going to Delphi, to share, to celebrate.

Andreas did not suspect the truth, for few delights and wonderings disturbed Andreas. One quarrel they had each year. Nondas wanted to take the sheep to the high places before Andreas thought they should go. 'But Kanellos might get there first!' Nondas would cry. 'And what if he does?' his brother would ask. Nondas could only look at him, marvelling that he did not guess, but unable to say a word, for this had to do with his secret, the beautiful secret that was the heart of his life.

And then happened what he would not have believed could happen. He wanted to share his secret! He would give it as a great gift, his treasure. He saw her for the first time one fragrant Mayday, in her father's field at the First Spring, where the Paraskeva flock was taking water and the Paraskeva boys, still so called, were arguing that thing of going higher. Spring had come early this year, and finding it had already climbed to this half-way place, Nondas lifted his face to a place much higher. He knew he was unreasonable—too cold yet for the sheep, but he

must begin hurrying Andreas, for his own would be there waiting him as one who has come a little before the appointed time.

Then the laugh—and it was as if the morning laughed. He saw that she was making a collar of daisies for her lamb, laughing as she tried to put it on. The foolish lamb did not know it was the first of May, and ran. As she came running after she was straight as a tree that has grown perfectly, the sunlight on her flushed face was like soft light on flowers, and her running laughter lovely as water over mossy stones. The wonder of loving her came all at once, like the other miracles. 'Stupid! Stop my lamb,' she cried, and together they caught the lamb and decked it with flowers.

Andreas was left in peace about going higher. Two weeks the flock remained around the First Spring; Panagoula worked with her father in his field, and as she pulled and tossed the weeds from the wheat, she swayed as in a dance. He was wild with the strength and gladness of her. She was always laughing at him, but he did not mind, laughter had been too much left out of his delights. And when, the night of full moon, a little apart from the circle of men, she suddenly threw high her arms and lifted her face to the moon with a glorious shout—then he knew! It was with her as it was with him. Together! Hands out he started to her, and only midway remembered her father and the other men.

In the cool of the next day she came to the spring for water. His sheep were all around him but, 'Panagoula,' he began at once, 'next week we can go higher. Yes,'—for she drew back astonished, 'I will take you with me. Where I go you will go. All that I know you shall know!' and he held out his hands.

'What's this you're saying? Then it's true you're crazy!'

'Only as you are crazy, Panagoula. No—don't be afraid. Don't go. I will tell you what the trees say, and together we will watch sunlight dance on shadow. My love—my bride!'

She gasped. '*Bride? I go to the priest with you?*'

'Oh, yes, that's true—the priest. But we will go to Delphi and find the priest. Then high! And deep, Pa'goula. I will take you to places no one knows! You and I, alone with the sheep—in the great trees through nights so big—so big—but you will not be afraid, my Panagoula. I will——'

Panagoula sat down on the stones by the spring. She sat down because she was laughing so hard. 'And for *this*,' she shrieked, 'I have my piles of sheets, my lace on pillows, my great chest of clothes!'

'Why have you woven those beautiful blankets, Panagoula?'

'That I might go with a shepherd and live in the mountain with his flock!'

She wiped her eyes and looked at him with interest. 'Did you really think I would marry you?'

'But I would tell you all I know.' It was the most he could say, and he could but barely say it now.

Panagoula began running water in the jar. 'So you would tell me all you know? But that is good of you! Why, you do not even know the letters!' She had just thought of it, and began laughing again. 'All you know—and you cannot read and write! Let me tell you something you don't know. I am going to marry Thanasie. Yes—stare. Athanasius Gkikas—the best store in Delphi. And he has been to America. He knows the English letters as well as the Greek. I am going to marry a man who wears store clothes—not shepherd things like that—clothes they wore a thousand years ago!'

Never had the wine-shop in Delphi been as wild as it was that night. Epimonondas Paraskeva broke into the room like a man who knew but one thing. 'Wine!' he called. 'I will tell you a secret—there is nothing but wine!'

A roomful of drinking men, a pipe playing, songs of Greek hating Turk, a circle of men dancing to songs in which blood flows. Nondas sat at an end of the table, and to the right of him was a man who hated the man to the left of him—they facing each other, he between. This hating was more to him than the wine. When he joined the songs of men beheaded he saw *her* beheaded—that head thrown back to the moon, and knowing nothing but lace on white cloth! The hate in him leaped to the hate in Spiros Varzakanos; they were one in hate, and he would embrace this man as he drank with him. Others tried to quiet them, and Varzakanos did grow more quiet.

The man at his left, the one Varzakanos hated, got up to go. Instantly the table was over, Nondas thrown to the floor. He saw a knife—blood; Varzakanos was smashing through a back window, a few feebly after him, others around the man whose blood ran over the floor. And he himself, leaning against the wall, watching the blood, loving it, wanting to smell—taste it!—wanting to feel it hot on his hands. It ran between his feet and he gave a shout. Someone put him outside and told him to return to his sheep.

But he walked through the town. What is wine? It was with blood he was drunk.

The moon was full upon that steep side of rock over Delphi. Could he ever go up that wall again—great wall defending the places that were his? Would they be his now, after she had laughed at them? As he had been wrong about her, was he wrong about it all? He was so still that his eye had not moved from the high spot where it had come to rest—a white rock among shadows; and it was so he saw him—a man—Varzakanos—swiftly cross that shining place and disappear in the higher shadow. He was getting to the mountain—to the farthest, wildest places; he would hide, join the other outlaws. It was so they were made—those men who came and took your sheep.

But there was something else about that high shining rock Varzakanos had crossed. Now he knew. It was from that ledge a little boy who had gone to get a lamb looked down and saw the stones in which were written secrets from long ago. The man who had been that boy now walked on to the temple.

There it lay, alone in the moonlight, and the calm of the fallen stones went over his spirit. He had not been back here since that morning long ago when the poppy brushed his face and he found the letters the priest had taught him. He did not know the other letters, so it seemed he should not return; but many times he had cut the ΔΙΟΝ in trees he loved, and always after them a blank, and then the letter with which it closed, the Σ which looked as if it could bite.

Now he wanted to find the word again, and he hunted a long time, for there had been changes; more people had come from far countries and dug many more of the great stones from the earth with which time had covered them. But at last he came upon it, and with his fingers he followed each letter. And suddenly he wondered if the grocer who wore store clothes had ever loved any letters as he loved these. Panagoula laughed till she couldn't stand up because he would tell her all he knew and did not even know the letters. But would the letters laugh? *Would the letters laugh?*

And then he knew what he had not known before, that all his life had been a search. Not knowing the way through the letters he had gone another way around. But he was behind the letters! Here alone in their temple, while dawn took moonlight, he knew he was with what had been meant.

He spoke to the letters: 'You are a key, and beautiful. There is another key, and it is that other key opens for me. I must leave you and go to what opens for me.'



And so before the sun was high he came to Andreas at the First Spring. 'We must go higher,' he said.

And when Andreas objected, Nondas said to him: 'Give me what sheep are mine. It need not take long to divide the flock, for you may have more than half. But some are mine, and those I take with me where I go.'

Andreas had never known him like this. He could do nothing. The Paraskeva flock became two.

So that year he had what he wanted, and he paid for it in sheep; the place to which he had to go was indeed too cold for them. But he would have paid for it with his life; such was the nature of his necessity.

He loved the sheep the more for the wrong he did them. They were the sacrifice to his necessity.

And also they were his safeguard—the fold into which he came; less and less were there the human contacts that make this fold. After Panagoula he did not try to reach anyone else, no longer went to Delphi in the hope of knowing with others such things as he knew alone. What was his alone became his all, and when there came times of its being too much, all he could do was let it have him, do what it would. It is one thing to be alone, and another to know you will always be alone.

Kanellos took advantage of Nondas' separation from Andreas to quarrel with him about grazing ground; now he and the older shepherd would see each other across valley or on mountain-side, and would not draw near to talk. Anyway, he had never had any hopes through Kanellos—a stupid, avaricious man whom he resented for living on long after his own father had died. It was Kanellos who now had the first flock of Parnassos.

Sometimes he saw Varzakanos, the man he had seen become a murderer. The outlaw would come upon him in some far place and make his demand—milk and cheese, a few kids or lambs, perhaps a sheep for himself and the others. There was more of a bond between him and this man than between him and any other.

He had that summer alone in the mountain, and wintered as usual in the great plain below Delphi, near Amphissa. And it was that winter came a disease among the sheep. The Kanellos flock was first stricken; it went on to Andreas' flock. Nondas, farther away, had so far escaped. To get his flock away from this sickness, in the late winter he took them a little way up the mountain, into a fold just under Delphi.

But even so they were not spared. He was still caring for them when Spring came to Delphi, bringing that word of what waited for him higher.

And now, after all he had given up for freedom, he was held as never before. His sheep were not able to go. And the other flocks, stricken earlier, were farther along in recovery. Both Kanellos and Andreas would get into the mountain before him.

Even had there been one to whom he could speak, there would not have been words to tell how much it mattered. It had never mattered as much. The winter in the plain, among people and yet alone, doing badly many things Andreas used to do for him, had been the most fretting of his life. He had come to the place where he could not go farther without that refreshment, reassurance which awaited him. It awaited him as a lovely bride, and he could not go.

Then came music to mock him. Panagoula was marrying her grocer who knew the letters, and the village had begun its celebration. He knew that the dancing and drinking begin when the things the bride has woven are taken to the house of the bridegroom. So now they were going there—the piles of sheets and blankets that made her laugh till she couldn't stand up at the idea of going with him to the inmost places, sharing the secret beauty he had never thought to offer another. All through the night the piping and the laughter jeered at him.

One night of it was mockery enough for a lifetime. When it began again next evening, there was not that in him that has power to bear. Yet what was there for him to do? He was held there with the flock he could not move as a mother with a sick child. The revellers would fire their guns, and it frightened the ailing sheep, and he would try to quiet them. Even while they held him in torture he loved them, and he wept over them.

And then another music—down the mountain the bells of a thousand moving sheep. Kanellos was bringing up his flock! He had begun his march into the mountain.

He was then between the mockery of wedding revelry and the mockery of the mounting flock, caught there between the two. When they came together they would crush him! In a moment when both were louder, he shot from the fold like one escaping and started running up the mountain. The shepherd had left his sheep.

He went to the place that was his own, to the secret beauty into

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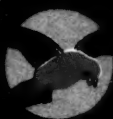
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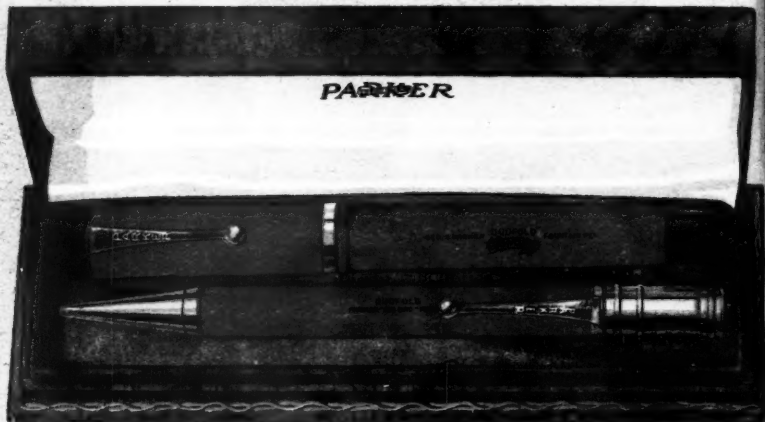


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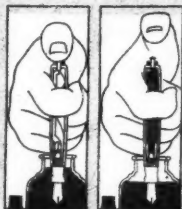
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Remove black tip to reach to Filler Button. Press the Button once—all the way down. Then immerse the point in ink. Now lift finger and Parker Duofold fills itself while you count 10.

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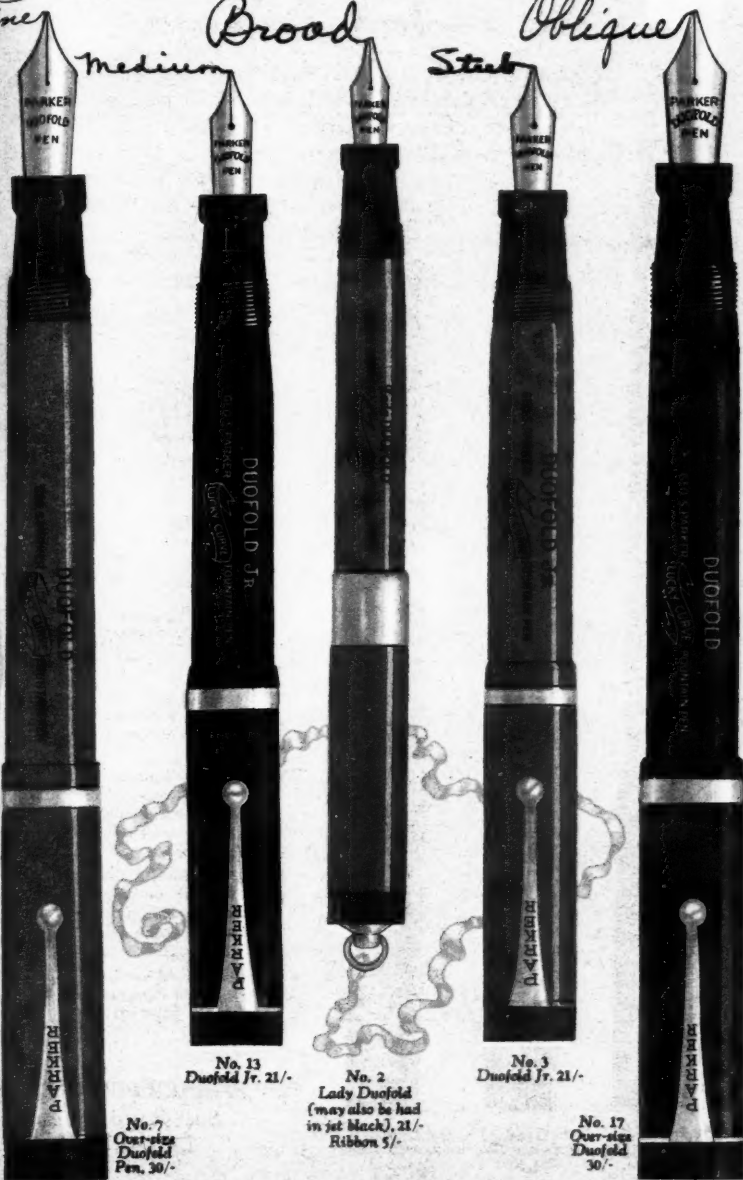
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which a little boy had come running twenty years before. It was to Kalania he went, that high loveliness that is like a heart—a heart guarded by mountains of spruce. A tormented man who had left all behind came to it now and found what the boy had found. No one had been here since it had lain under the snow. The freshness of its untouched beauty was as a shrine unviolated. There was nothing between him and what had slept with this life, and had risen with it and moved in it now. And because he came alone, believing and worshipping, there was nothing in himself to come between him and this presence in all things that moved—in bending grass as in sunshine's softly parting shadow. He had communion now as never before. He would throw himself on the earth and let flow into him from what was there; would rise up for the messages in the wind and the love in the sunshine. He would say, 'You were before I was, and you will be when I am not, but what moves in you moves now in me. Harm cannot come, for I am you.' He went to the little spring that opened from the great rock. It was so small and so constant and so pure. It was there just the same when no one was there.

Two days he was there and thought not of food. Then he wanted it, and not quite knowing what he did, for transport had been too great for return, he went out at the other side of Kalania, toward Agoryianne. He knew at least that he could not return to Delphi.

He wandered in the wilds of the mountain. Dizzy, he would fall, and was bleeding from cuts of the stones. It was so Varzakanos found him. He took him to his own hiding-place and saved his life.

For two weeks he was with the outlaws. Then he was more like himself, and they offered to let him go. He would not betray them, they said, for he knew what they had done for him. He had for some reason gone off his head. Now he could go back and be a shepherd again.

But it was he himself who said he could not go back. There were those among them who were deserters from the army. He was a deserter from more than that. Varzakanos had killed another man. He had killed the shepherd that was himself. There was no return.

Thus it was on his own judgment Epimonondas Paraskeva became an outlaw.

From far he would hear the bells of the sheep—through the great trees that music of a grazing flock. It came to be one of the sounds of the mountain—life as the trees are life.

There came the day when he saw his own flock. From his cave he saw them come into the valley below—the Paraskeva flock one again, for Andreas had taken over his sheep. He had known it would be so. They would send word to Andreas his brother had left his flock, and he would provide for them, and take them. Only he wished he knew for certain they had not been long unshepherded. He could tell them from Andreas' sheep, differently shorn, and they were thinner. To look down at them was as if death did not keep him from regarding from afar the sheep with whom he had known the most of peace in the life he had had. Happy indeed they had been, those long successions of peaceful days. It was because what he had felt through them came to be so much, he had to go out from them, go where they could not go.

There remained one thing he could do for them. He was nearer the wolves as an outlaw than he had been as a shepherd. There were times when he would know a wolf endangered the flock before the shepherd or his dogs knew. He would give the wolf cry, the throat of the outlaw letting the outlaw animal know there was vigilance. It thrilled him to do this either for his own flock or the flock of Kanellos. The sheep were goodness undefended, and he a friend from far.

Another tie he had with his sheep. They were his meat. It was so he paid his way among the band—'They are your sheep, and we must have meat.' A young boy, brother of one of the deserters, would be sent as messenger to Andreas. And the shepherd dared not disobey that command of the outlaw, even when the outlaw was his brother.

At times Nondas could not eat of his flock. Other times would come the feeling of the little boy who partook of the lamb he had helped. A long time he had been their loving shepherd. Would they not rather give of themselves to him than to those others who were nothing? When that feeling came of itself he would eat. And always it was a bond between them. Though he sat in a circle of boisterous, ravenous men, even though he himself joined the revelry, there was underneath a communion—remembrance and gratefulness. He partook, not alone of them, but of the simple goodness that they were, of the calm he had known when he moved with them on the mountain and watched over them under the stars.

But despite this hold on the Paraskeva flock the bandits demanded more often of Kanellos. They hated Kanellos and wanted

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to punish him for having threatened to ask protection. It was the law of the mountain that the shepherd should buy his protection from the outlaws themselves, the law of the lower places pretending not to know what went on out of its reach. Sometimes when they had meat, and managed to get wine from Agoryianne, they would grow wild in their talk against Kanellos, in their sneering at the shepherds they intimidated. The man who had been a shepherd would join in this. He had his own reasons for despising the shepherds.

In the desperate, shameful life he led with these men the mountain hid, he was neither happy nor unhappy. That last time at Kalania, when he knew more fully of what he had long known a part, it was as if he entered into something else, and in that was his being. The way of living did not much matter. He had companionship, and at times he liked it, but now that he had gone farther into his own knowing he had given up that hope of knowing with another such things as he knew alone; nor had he that need, now that he was more secure. And it was strange how little ashamed he was of the life of which he was a part. The people he had left were doing too scant a thing with life for him to feel keenly against this life which violated them.

The summer passed, rains came, and cold; the flocks went down from the mountain. The outlaws had in a measure provided for themselves, but life became a fight with the cold. The snow was too deep to stay high: they had to venture farther down. They became more like hunted creatures—no revelry these days. One of them died. They separated and found shelter as they could. The family of Loiras, one of the deserters, lived in Agoryianne, a Parnassos village which only steep donkey trails connect with the world. He forced his people to give shelter to himself, Varzakanos and Nondas.

There they wintered, wretchedly; when they could stand it no longer they went into the mountain, earlier than they should. They fought cold that could kill them; like wild men they were, desperate as wolves.

At last Kanellos came into the mountain. Meat! They took from him the day he arrived, took heavily. To them he said nothing.

A week later Varzakanos, Nondas, and two others were in their cave when from below came the sound of running footsteps. Loiras had gone out to try for a hare—but this was more than one

man's steps. Through a crevice Nondas saw soldiers running after the deserter. A shot. Loiras fell.

The four others could do nothing but stay where they were, hands on guns, their hope in the fact that the soldiers did not know the mountain—great fact which leaves outlaws on Parnassos. After dark they got deeper into the mountain. The soldiers would be gone in a few days; they never tried to do more than make a showing.

So Kanellos had told. The stubborn, stingy old man, brooding over the sheep he had lost, thought to intimidate them, thought they'd be afraid to touch the biggest shepherd on Parnassos. They'd show him how that game would end!

They made their plans. If he stayed in that part of the mountain he had about as much chance as one of the kids he grudgingly gave to starving men!

Epimonondas Paraskeva, now in good standing as an outlaw, was in the plot to kill Lucas Kanellos.

One day he went by himself and thought. From his height he saw Kanellos and his flock at the big spring between Kalania and Agoryianne. He watched the shepherd with his sheep. He remembered many things.

He went back to Varzakanos and made his protest. It was madness—for the other things he could not say to him; their hate had run away with them. The law could not keep its eyes shut if this old shepherd were killed.

Varzakanos' face had grown lean in the two years of hiding; hate had even less in its way now than that night in the wine-shop at Delphi, when hate drew him and Nondas together. 'So you are a shepherd again, are you? But let me tell you something. I was the one brought you among us. If anything goes wrong——' he clenched his gun. 'It will be from *this* one—you understand?'

Nondas did understand; understanding was never more clear than the night he slipped from the men whose lives he had shared, letting himself down over the rocks, feeling his way through the trees, at times seeing the North star over the valley below, and, just as night was thinning, coming to the spring where Kanellos would bring his sheep.

They were not there yet, though their bells told they were coming. He was alone with the growing dawn—wide, unhurried, unfaltering dawn. At least this one time more the dawn was his;

and he was glad that through this one more dawn was the long-loved music of a moving flock.

Kanellos was at the spring when Nondas stepped out to him.

After his startled moment the shepherd seemed more curious than afraid. Nondas had not seen his own face since it was the face of an outlaw. In Kanellos' look he read how much himself had changed, could see the gaunt wild man he had become. And well he knew his shepherd clothes were rags.

Kanellos gave a little grunt. It said: 'And serves you right! You who were a shepherd!'

Nondas began: 'I have come to tell you——' but stopped, for still Kanellos was greedily feeding on the privations that had pinched the face of Epimonondas Paraskeva. Was there then no other thing written there? Though he was bones and rags, did there burn in his eyes no light of things within? But when had this man had eyes for things not mean?

And this the man he had come to save! He turned and looked high, where Varzakanos was no doubt looking down on him. And when he turned back it was he who peered—at the old shepherd for whose life he gave his own.

'And what then have they made of *you*—the years?' And at what he saw he cried: 'Why it is I should kill you! Not because you sent the law into the mountain, but because I see—see—see you.' He grasped the old man's arms. 'Let me tell you, Lucas Kanellos, why it is right that you should die.'

'Because you never saw the shadows on the mountain. Because you never saw the trees against the rising moon. Was ever one breath of your life given to delight in the not quite risen star—a burning point on the far peak? Did you ever *shiver*, Kanellos—did you ever shiver with delight in the first thin streak of moonlight from a moon that was not yet? Did faith ever grow in you with the growing of the sunlight from a sun unseen? Have you ever seen God's breath passing over the grass, or heard His voice in the water from the rocks? When did you put your arms as far as they would reach around a tree that was before you were and will be when you are not? What have you said to the birds, Kanellos, and what was there to go from you to the stars you faced? Answer me—you who have walked in large places and remained a small man!' His hands tightened as his face drew nearer the frightened face of Kanellos. 'What have you to say before you die?'

Kanellos' back was to his sheep. The bells had become disturbed. In this moment when mad eyes were on him and his arms in a grip like death, he turned his head and let the voice of the shepherd go out reassuringly to the sheep.

The hands of Epimonondas Paraskeva fell. His head went down. 'You have answered,' he said.

Then he lifted his face and looked at the shepherd. He, the bad shepherd who knew many other things, loved the good shepherd who knew only his sheep. He had never seen the shadows and the light, he had never heard the trees, but 'What have you to say before you die?'—and he says it to his sheep.

Nondas was on his knees, and he held the hard hands and was kissing them. 'Forgive me, Kanellos, but I am going to die, and let me tell you that the life that goes for your life loves you. You are not you alone. You are the shepherds of the thousand years. My father, my grandfather, and all who came to this spring before you, I kiss you now as I kiss the hand of this stupid man in whom lives the shepherds who have worn down the rocks.'

Then in a few words he told him. '... Only waiting to make sure the soldiers have gone. Looking down at us now—my friends who are waiting to kill you: but afraid to come near the open places, so this is your chance. Start as if for Agoryianne, but take the turn for Amphissa, and never return to this spring.'

Kanellos looked at him from dull little eyes, but knew he spoke the truth. He seemed to want to say something but could only grunt, as he nodded.

He turned to go, but as he saw his sheep he called them to the spring for water. Nondas smiled, and, standing a little apart, watched this, for he loved to see sheep drinking of the water that opened from the earth. He watched them go, saw the flock become one thing that moved on the mountain as shadows move, and the shepherd was that which moved with the sheep.

And now—himself? Just as the flock was vanishing he had an impulse to run after it. Had he not betrayed the outlaws to save the shepherd? It would make a place for him. But he did not move. The place did not call.

Should he try to get North—through Thermopylæ to other mountains—Oita, Othrys? Would the men hiding there learn he was a traitor outlaw? Was there some other life—?

But while his mind dwelt upon it his feet had turned to Kalania.

He was not sure he could get there—a mile, and in view from above. And hate was stronger than caution in Varzakanos—that was perhaps why he loved the man.

He did reach it—the loveliness that was like a heart, heart in which his own knowing first beat. He reached the little spring that opened from the great rock, lay there with closed eyes—listened to what it was he had known, and loved what he had loved.

Then another sound—the breaking of dead spruce boughs, footsteps crunching dried moss. Across the spring, through the trees, he saw Varzakanos' face. Back of him was deep shadow, but there was sunlight on that lean hate, and that too was beautiful, so tense, so true unto itself—true as the aim that followed.

One instant more—oh, clearer than ever before, so clear it cleared them all. Then suddenly much younger. What were those things you did as you went to God? The priest had taught him long ago. He started to make the sign of the cross on his dying body, but his hand remembered that other thing the priest had taught him. It dropped to the spring and wrote the final letter. With his blood he made it—the bite in his half-known word Dionysos—

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### THE 'CUSTOMS' OF OLD DAHOMEY.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN LUCE, R.N., IN 1862-3.

In the year 1862, Captain Luce, R.N., arrived at Sierra Leone to take over the command of H.M.S. *Brisk*, a cruiser patrolling the West Coast of Africa, in order to put down the slave trade. Though many slaving stations had been forced to close, a good deal of slave-running continued, with horrible suffering to the wretched slaves and great devastation in the countries inland. One of the chief purveyors of slaves for sale was the King of Dahomey, famous alike for his corps of Amazons, and the ferocious human sacrifices which took place as the regular 'custom' in his capital, Abomey. Captain Luce's interest was deeply stirred by the account of these 'customs' given by a Dutch merchant, who was invited to Abomey to satisfy the royal curiosity. 'King never seen a Dutchman, King's father never saw a Dutchman, and now that they have plenty of people to kill, they are very glad to see a Dutchman.' So announced the pair of Head Caboceers who met him at the Royal Gate.

The 'plenty of people to kill' were the prisoners, many of them Christian converts, captured in a recent raid upon the town of Ishagga. And now further complications were expected, it being understood that the King of Dahomey was planning to attack Abeokuta, the capital of the Ashantis, who had formerly been friendly to the English, but had recently picked a quarrel.

When, therefore, at the end of the year, Commodore Wilmot came out as Senior Naval Officer on the Coast, he discussed with Captain Luce the advisability of sending a mission to the King of Dahomey, to remind him that he was not acting up to the spirit of his father's friendship with the English, and to urge him to put down both human sacrifice and slave raiding, the source of the oversea slave trade, for indeed it would be much more profitable to use the people in cultivating the soil and trading.

Eventually, as the king was ready to receive them, the commodore and the captain, accompanied by the doctor of the *Brisk*, Dr. Harem, went up to Abomey and made an excellent impression on the king—a tall, fine-looking, light-coloured man, over six feet high, who made a good pair with the equally tall and much more active commodore. He conferred upon his important guests the

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honour of captaincies in the corps of Amazons, but, after keeping them in friendly fashion a full six weeks, he would not promise to carry out the desired reforms. It was clear that to have suppressed these ancestral customs suddenly would have provoked a popular revolution. He promised, however, if he attacked the rival city of Abeokuta, to spare the Christians.

In the course of their stay at Abomey, where they were lodged in the hut of a personage called Bokomo, the English envoys came to witness the 'customs' of sacrifice, and Captain Luce gives a careful account of them in his diary.

#### 'THE "CUSTOMS."'

*'Jan. 1st, 1863.—*We were told to be sure to be ready very early as 7 A.M. was the hour named for the commencement of the ceremony. We had by this time learned a little of Dahomian punctuality, and breakfasted at 8 o'clock.

*'*We were not sent for until nearly 1 o'clock. We were placed under umbrellas near the Easternmost Platform. At 1.30 the King appeared on the Platform, and the crowd immediately rushed towards the spot. His Majesty made a short speech, telling the people not to lose their temper and to avoid hurting each other or treading on anyone who fell; he added that if any accidents did happen, no one would be punished, provided they scrambled bravely and fairly. The crowd cheered and closed up together in a dense mass. The King then threw many bundles of cowries, which were scrambled for in a peaceful manner, but the dust raised was prodigious. After this His Majesty began to throw cloths, and the scrambling became fast and furious. If a man caught the cloth fairly in his hand, he seemed to be allowed to keep it, but if it fell amongst the crowd there was immediately a battle royal. They crowded together so compactly that active fellows jumped on to the top of the mass and ran about on the sea of heads, now and then diving down head foremost when catching a glimpse of the white prize beneath. A struggle would last five or ten minutes, and two or three hundred join in one struggle. The King continued to throw cloths, so two or three of these contests would be going on at the same time amidst a great noise and fearful dust. It seemed wonderful that arms and legs were not broken every minute. After this had lasted a long time, the King threw presents to a lot of minor chiefs who were protected from the crowd by a

barrier. The crowd broke up and spread about, looking tremendously dusty and fagged, but also full of good humour, talking and often counting the cowries they had caught.

'Just as it was getting dark we were dismissed with the information that the "Customs" would last *three days longer*.

'*Jan. 2nd.*—We went to the market place at noon, and stayed there till 6.30 P.M. We were told the King had been up until 2 A.M. talking to his people at the Palace Gate. At 3.30 the King sent for us to come on to the Platform. On our part of the Platform were a body of Chiefs and the King's bodyguard, and towards the part where the King stood were groups of Amazons. All were squatted on the floor of the Platform with their baskets around them, and the scene might be compared to an imaginary fancy dress haymaking picnic. The King greeted us kindly and asked us to assist him in throwing presents to his people. The Chiefs handed us cowries and cloths, which we threw. The King and Commodore tried who could throw the farthest, and were about an equal match. It was great fun, and lasted some twenty minutes. At last we returned home rather done up with the dust and heat.

'*Jan. 3rd.*—We were led to believe that to-day the platform part of the "Customs" would be concluded. The Prince and Diviner came before 8 A.M., and we started from our lodgings a little before 9. At 10.30 the King began to throw and the people to scramble as on former occasions. This lasted until 11 A.M., when the King ordered the crowd to fall back a few paces from the Platform, and at the same time he sent Prince Chadathong to request us to draw near him. On our arrival he leaned over and made a short speech expressing his pleasure at having us for his visitors. He said that we had taken part with *him* yesterday in throwing presents to his people, and he hoped we would now take part with *his people* in receiving presents from him.

'He then threw things which we pretended to scramble for. The people seemed to enjoy the fun. All the Head Chiefs were highly pleased at the Commodore taking part in their customs. After this catching had lasted for about a quarter of an hour, the King dismissed us, saying that the victims were now going to be thrown over, and that by and by he would send for us again.

'We returned to our seats and the King sent to say he thought we must be hungry after our exertions, and had therefore ordered food to be sent to us, and hoped we would retire to the Pavilion and partake of it. This was a civil way of giving us a hint that if we

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did not wish to witness the sacrifices we could avoid doing so by going into the Pavilion. The Commodore accepted the offer, and we all withdrew to the Pavilion. Here we found two calabashes, one containing a boiled pig, and the other full of yams and sweet potatoes. We had no appetite for the food, but the Doctor and I had determined on seeing the sacrifices.

'We were loth to go without seeing the bad as well as the good, and wished to be able (being on the spot) to confirm or deny the reports—the very different reports—we had heard concerning them. I think the Commodore would have ordered us to remain under cover, had he not heard the Interpreter telling Prince Athonigay that "it gave an Englishman a fever to see a man killed." This made the Commodore fierce, and while he was explaining that it was our feelings of humanity and not of funk that made such spectacles distasteful to the English, the Doctor and I slipped out and nerved ourselves to look steadily and calmly at all that might happen.

'The victims, six in number, were brought in their cradles and placed in a row along the edge of the Platform, and close to the King's corner. The Prime Minister made a speech telling the people that these victims were Ishagga captives. Two of the captives were then put down on the Platform, out of sight, and shortly afterwards the other four were also removed. Behind these poor wretches, we could see a quantity of goats in cradles, and fowls on staffs. Two men now mounted the tower and removed four of the six small flag-staffs which surrounded its summit. This was done evidently to make more room. Then the chief executioner ascended the Tower by a ladder from the platform. He made a short speech, and then a goat in a cradle was passed up from the Platform to him. This he threw over the edge of the Tower; it bounded off the thatched roof and fell with a heavy thump on to the hard ground. Two men instantly seized it, dragged it to a circular piece of wood which was covered with red cloth, laid the goat's head across this wood, and cut it off with their long blunt knives, taking care that the blood fell into a square hole in the ground under the centre of the block. He then threw goats over as fast as they could be killed to the number of twenty or thereabouts. The heads were placed in one pile, and the carcasses in another; then two small bullocks shared the same fate, then a number of fowls—these were all beheaded—then a number of strings of cowries on staffs followed. These are supposed to pay for

the passage of victims across the borders of the future world. Some bottles of gin followed and were broken at the edge of the pit. Then a victim in his cradle, bound so that he could move no limb, and with a gag in his mouth, was placed on the edge of the Tower. The crowd looked a little more attentive, and the hum of voices rose a little louder, but no sign of any feeling except that of a lively and complacent interest was exhibited by any of the men or maids, young or old. A few of the groups of scramblers shouted rather savagely, but it was a savage *laugh* rather than a savage yell. The King spoke a few words, then a push was given to the cradle, and over it went. The victim turned over and over in the air and fell heavily to the ground, with sufficient violence, it is hoped, to render him quite insensible. Two men now seized him, (still in the cradle,) dragged him to the block, and held his head over it, whilst a third sawed, hewed, and hacked, until he got it removed from the body. This part of the business was done with dreadful clumsiness—then the head was dropped into the pit, the trunk was removed from the cradle, two or three savages rushed in and cut pieces off the hips and breasts, the hands also were hacked off, and with the pieces were carried about in triumph. A cord was then passed round the feet, and twenty wretches caught hold of it and, with loud cheers, dragged it off through the crowd out of sight; some, armed with sticks, beat it as it passed them.

'Two more victims were then thrown over and treated in a precisely similar manner, then two empty cradles followed, a sign that the lives of the late occupants had been spared. Then there was a pause, and we thought all was over, but presently a small party of Amazons took the place of the men who had hitherto done the butcher's work. A few more goats and fowls, with cowries and gin bottles, were thrown down, decapitated by the Amazons even more clumsily than the men had done, and their heads and carcasses added to the already formed heaps. Then another victim came headlong to the ground. They walked quietly up to him, seized and dragged him slowly to the block and placed him at it so awkwardly that the one with the knife could only get at his neck by chopping through the shoulder. The deed was done with frightful clumsiness, and I fancy that two minutes must have passed before the head was quite removed from the body. The Amazons then dragged the trunk to the edge of the barrier, where the men mutilated it and dragged it off as they had done with the others. Then an alligator, a cat and a hawk, all in cradles, were thrown from the

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tower and their blood mixed with that already in the pit. The human heads were now fished out of the pit, laid in their cradles, and placed in a row at the foot of the tower.

'In a few minutes we were sent for by the King, and were conducted to the foot of the Platform underneath where he stood. He addressed the Commodore and told him that we had, as his guests and honoured friends, shared with him and his people in all the doings of the "Custom." We had assisted him to throw presents and cowries to his people, and we had scrambled for presents and cowries thrown by himself. He had just completed another act of custom and his friends must share in that act also. He had thrown victims to his people and now he should throw a victim to his white English friends. The Commodore and all of us looked a little aghast, and wondered what was coming, when suddenly a victim, out of his basket, with a long white cloth tied round his body, was very unceremoniously bundled over the edge of the Platform and handed down to us.

"There," said the King, "is your victim, do what you like with him; cut off his head or take him home with you."

'It was well and cleverly done, the surprise was complete, and the Commodore was enchanted and could hardly speak for pleasure. All the Chiefs and the King looked pleased and happy. The Commodore showed by his manner, even more than by words, the intense pleasure he felt at having been the means of thus saving a human life, and we marched back with "our victim" amidst the cheers of the whole crowd.

'The other reprieved victim was given to Prince Athonigah, who in raptures of delight, and covered with dust, which he had thrown over himself to show his gratitude, brought the man for us to look at. The Commodore sent our poor fellow home. He was still trembling and even pale, and looked about him a little wildly. His mouth and limbs still bore the marks of the gag and the seizing. Then the King fired off five muskets as a sign that the "Customs" at that Platform were concluded. Then he disappeared. After waiting an hour, guns announced that the King was on his way to the Western Platform with his brilliant guard of Amazons.

'Then the same scrambling, speechifying, etc., went on, and it became clear that all would not be finished to-day. At 6.30 p.m., after nine hours' sitting in the open air under an intensely hot sun, we returned home. The Commodore was so pleased with the King's present that he sent him his own handsome gold-headed

stick with a message hoping the King would keep it in remembrance of him, and of this day's deed of mercy. The King answered that he gladly received it as a token of warm friendship, and that he would always keep it near him.

'Our reprieved turns out to be one of the Ishagga prisoners, as were the victims sacrificed. He has been a prisoner since May or June last. I went with the Doctor to see the wounded Amazon, and took her as a present one of the cloths won in our scramble. She is nearly well. [Three weeks before, her musket had burst as she was firing at a target, and had shattered her hand. The doctor who went to fetch her up reported that she did not bear the pain with much heroism, and refused to let him sew up the wound.]

'[A similar performance took place on Jan. 4.]

'*Jan. 5th.*—The Great Cloth Palaver was amicably settled this morning, and at noon we were summoned to see the last of the "Customs." When we arrived at the Market Place, scarcely a soul was to be seen, and the Platforms and Pavilions had been removed. We could just see in the distance troops mustering in front of the Palace. After waiting about an hour, a guard of about fifty warriors followed by a long Fetish procession, consisting of quaint figures of man and beast skulls, stuffed hawks, etc., passed, and close after these came the King on a cream-coloured pony, surrounded by a bodyguard of 400 to 500 men. He stopped and bowed as he passed. His Majesty was dressed in a Fetish war costume, and wore a dark band round his head with a charm in the centre of his forehead. He had on a dark tan-coloured kilt with black beads and chains, and a silver-mounted knife. After asking after our healths, he dismissed his bodyguard and walked down to meet his Amazons who were now advancing.

'They came on at a brisk, quick step, music playing, and warrioresses singing, looking excessively well and brilliant. They were dressed in dark tan-coloured suits with white caps, and coloured handkerchiefs round their waists, and carried bright well-polished muskets, knives, and razors. I took pains to count the number of Amazons present, and am quite confident the whole body did not exceed 600. They advanced steadily, firing as they came, and when abreast of us made a gallant charge. This was immense fun, they were all laughing and shouting and firing off their pieces. Some tried to look fierce, but there was no mistaking their sex and, as a whole, they were certainly as fine and (after

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their colour) as pretty a collection of able-bodied, clean-limbed, strapping jolly girls, as one could wish to see, or even to imagine. These were followed by a rear-guard of Amazons who advanced steadily without firing and at a signal from the King drew up close in front of us.

'The King stood out and, facing us, made a short speech and began dancing the usual war dance. Then he came up, and taking the Commodore's hand, coaxed him out to dance with him. This elicited high notes of applause from the Amazons. Then the Doctor and I were led out by the King in our turn and did our dance, very creditably! After we had performed our part, three of the handsome, strapping young elephant-huntresses joined in the dance and proved themselves most active and supple jointed. Then the Amazons returned to their ranks and the King retired to his small war tent. It was 3.15 P.M., and a body of 200 troops advanced to the tent with shouts and singing, but they suddenly, when close up, went down like one man on their knees with their heads to the ground and their backs to the tent. The King was just about to "liquor up"!!

'After this, large bodies of troops went past the King's tent, the procession exactly similar to that witnessed when the King entered his capital three weeks ago.

'I noted down my estimate of the number in each group as it passed, and the result when I came to add it up perfectly astonished me. The following figures pretty accurately show the number of warriors the King was able to display before us on this, the last day of his "Custom":

Bodyguard . . . . .	1,200
The Followers of the sixty-eight chiefs . . . . .	2,700
War Amazons . . . . .	600
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Total	4,500

'Jan. 9th.—I took my morning walk round the Abomey Palace where the King resides. The King generally goes the round of his palaces after a "Custom," sleeping one night in each, and he waters in succession the graves of the nine predecessors of his Dynasty. Each king has built a Palace, and each king (I believe) lies buried in the Palace he built, and each spirit likes "a drop of drink occasionally," and a dutiful son thus carefully moistens his parent's clay.

'The Prince arrived just before dinner and says that His Majesty

has ordered a guard of 300 warriors to accompany us, and the won't be ready before Monday, the 12th, so we are to wait. The Prince also said that he thought the King would not agree to give up the slave trade at once, but that he would do so by degrees, and that he had told his people that the slave trade did them no good and that he was determined to abolish it.

'*Jan. 10th.*—At 2.30 the Prince and Bokomo arrived and told the Commodore that the King could not see him to-day. I believe the King is still moistening his ancestors' clay and that that ceremony and the Queen's presents not being ready, is the cause of the delay. This tiresome loss of time worries the Commodore, whose patience Job-like as it is, has shown symptoms of giving way at last. I verily believe that I am the best philosopher of the three, and am by no means intensely impatient, but if I had been at the head of the Mission, my temper would certainly have given way under the load of lies and hypocrisy it would have been subject to.

'We were sent for about 2 P.M., and reached the open space in front of the Palace at 2.30. At about 3.30 Bokomo arrived, and accompanied us through the Palace door. The King rose to meet us and enquired after our healths. Then we seated ourselves about three paces from His Majesty, who reclined on a carpet spread over the raised place to the right of the Gateway. The King first spoke to the following effect. He thanked the Commodore very much for his great patience and regretted that he had been obliged to detain him so long. The more important parts of the "Custom" were now over, but he still had to water the ground at the palace of his ancestor Tybasee, where he was going this evening but he would return by next Friday! He would pass us to-day but could not deliver his message and answer to the Queen till his return.

'The Commodore replied that having already remained six weeks and having, at the King's request, witnessed all the "Custom," he really regretted that his important duties prevented his remaining any longer, and begged the King to deliver his message and let him go. The King repeated his former statement and said it was too late for him to say a third of what he wished to talk about to-day. The Commodore replied that he was anxious to oblige the King in every possible way, and wished to know, if he stayed on what day the King really would see him. Whereupon the King took some cowries from a basket at his feet, and counting over the several duties he had to perform, said that on Friday next he would

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send for him, and on Saturday he should positively start for Wydah. He then asked the Commodore in a jocular way to "dash him the four days" as his friend. The Commodore said that he would stop, and hoped that everything would occur as had been promised. Whereupon the King jumped up, and smiling all over his face, shook the Commodore's hand warmly and said he was delighted with the decision. I felt disappointed and vexed at the Commodore having yielded, but kept my countenance. The Doctor shrugged his shoulders and looked crab-apples at least. This the chiefs at once remarked, and Chadathong asked him why his face was shut whilst the Commodore's was open? The Doctor told Bemasko, the interpreter, to say that whether his face was shut or open signified nothing, as the Commodore's face was all they had to look to.

'The King soon returned, his attendants bringing with them some specimens of country-made cloths which were given to the Commodore one by one, the first (of the finest quality) for the Queen, the second, very good, for the Commodore, then good ones for the Doctor, Bemasko and myself. We were of course collectively and individually in raptures! Leather bags, tobacco pouches, pipe holders, were then presented. Then came a silver mounted stick, the handle representing a deer's hoof, and two short batons similar to the King's sceptre. These were for the Queen. Then the Gate opened and four girls were led in. Two young ones, aged from twelve to fourteen, were for the Queen, to attend at her Majesty's table. One was presented to the Commodore as a wife, "to comfort him and to wash his clothes, and cook his meals." This was a plump, well-made girl aged about twenty. The last was presented to Bemasko to be educated at the Mission School. One of those presented to Her Majesty objected to this transfer of her person, she was accordingly changed for another outside the gate without our seeing it, and we heard that she was afterwards flogged for speaking in the presence of the King and ordered to be sold for foreign slavery, so that the poor girl sadly missed her turn in the tide which would have led to liberty if not fortune. Six baskets of cowries and some really handsome showy umbrellas—the quaint devices worked on them—decapitators in divers forms being the subject—will amuse all who see them. The King was evidently very proud of these umbrellas and had them carried about and held in all possible positions for us to admire them.

'He told the Commodore that before this day he was a great man, but that since receiving the umbrellas he was far greater

than before, and added that the Queen of England, great as she was before, would be Queen of Queens, on being made by these presents a Caboceeress of Dahomey! He then said that he was *the* King of the Blacks and the most powerful King in Africa, and the Queen of England was the most powerful potentate everywhere else.

'The Commodore was told that as a "Dahomian Caboceer," he must return to his quarters under his umbrella and his company of the Blue Bodyguard was ready to attend him. He was also informed that on arriving at the Gate of the Palace, where the chiefs were assembled, he must do homage for his title by dancing as a Dahomian Chief.

'We then drank the King's health and rose to depart. At the Gate we found the Guard of Honour with their music. All our presents were paraded on the heads of bearers, the four slaves walking in Indian file with a guide behind. The King saw us into our hammocks and returned to the Palace.

'The Commodore's hammock brought up the rear of the procession, his gay umbrella waved over it, his guard sang, his band played, and on either side of him marched the Mayoo and Yavogah (the second and third rank in the kingdom). In this manner we proceeded to the principal gate, where we found a large number of chiefs, seated on their stools and dressed in full costume. We descended from our hammocks, the Commodore faced the Gate and performed a *pas seul* in excellent time. I then danced a few figures, but the Doctor's legs had got shut as well as his face, and he would not stand out. Then old Mayoo made a speech telling the chiefs of all the honours and presents that had been bestowed on the Commodore, and pointing out each present as he named it. He also said that the King highly prized the Friendship of England.

'Then the Commodore *danced* another *pas seul*, old Mayoo *hobbled* one, I *capered* one, and the Doctor's legs remained shut.

'We remounted our hammocks amidst the cheers of the chiefs and resumed our march, passing round the North side of the Palace wall, and so home. Bokomo, our landlord, took our girls into his charge as we had no sleeping place for them, and we were once more left alone. I was grumpy and heartily sick of the conciliating line of policy, and wondered where I should have been by this time if I had had charge of the Mission. Bokomo called and asked among other leading questions, whether, now that the King and Commodore were such good friends, any further opposition would be offered to the shipment of slaves from the King's territory? !!!

'Jan. 13th.—The weather has been excessively hot and sultry. The mothers of two of the girls came to see their children. The meeting was not over demonstrative. One mother expressed herself delighted at hearing that her daughter was given to Bemasko and would reside at Wydah. The girls showed scarcely the smallest signs of regard or affection, but I noticed the mothers cast long yearning looks on their offspring as they rose to leave.

'Jan. 16th.—Our landlord called early and informed us that the King would not give his message to-day, but wished to see us in public this afternoon and introduce us to the Commodore's Company of Amazons.

'At 3.30 we started for the Palace and were introduced at once into the Court where we had witnessed the display of the King's riches. Shortly after the Blue Company of Amazons arrived. They came in looking very picturesque in their war costumes, their arms perfectly clean and bright, their drums and music striking up and themselves dancing and singing in chorus. Then the male body came in through another gate and formed up opposite the Amazons. They were the pick, I think, of both sexes. They all had white bands round their foreheads and caps on their heads. The Amazons then danced a brilliant war dance composed of several figures and accompanied by some of their prettiest airs. I enjoyed the dance extremely and watched every movement with great interest. When the dance was over, the male bodyguard took it up and performed well, but my heart and eyes were with the Amazons as I was probably looking for the last time on that strange institution, which formed by far the most interesting sight in the country of Dahomey.

'After this four warriors were presented with wives by the King. The girls appeared generally to be very young, and by no means reluctant or sorrowful.

'Then the King sent a messenger to the Doctor and myself to tell us that he had elected us as officers of his first company of Amazons. I had the rank of Captain. The messenger also said that the chief officers of the corps would now be presented to us. White linen bands were produced which we tied round our foreheads. About a dozen of the Amazons now stepped to the front and stood up in two rows. Their Captain, Dagikunto, a tall, handsome, and strikingly graceful girl, advanced three paces towards us and called out the name of each of her officers, at the same time pointing her out and sometimes giving a short account

of her brave deeds. The first six were introduced personally to the Commodore; the others were introduced as second-class officers to myself and the Doctor. Then the graceful Dagikunto, with a clear, ringing voice, standing one arm akimbo, and using the other to enforce her words, made a speech. She began by saying that she and her companions in arms were proud to have us as their officers. They were going to fight against Abbeokuta and we might be sure that our company would fight bravely and distinguish themselves. When the war is over, the King will send and tell the Commodore of their brave deeds and our company would remember us, and would take care to send by the same opportunity our share of the booty. Nothing could resist the Amazons in war, if the King told them to break up a mountain they would do so. Then the King made a long speech and said he would march to Abbeokuta in *four moons*, and though the enemy were brave and had muskets and cannon, they would be defeated as nothing could withstand his warriors. When he arrived at a place and gave the order to attack the place, the place would be captured before an inhabitant could eat his breakfast.

'Then the Commodore was urged to make a speech, but he merely said that he believed that the King's troops would fight well and that he wished the King good fortune.'

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### CHARLES DICKENS PLAYS I HAVE SEEN.

Is it not a pity that Charles Dickens holds so small a place on our stage to-day? His writings so full of humour, of pathos, so dramatic, so replete with strong character. The stage versions were quite successful in the past, and there is still a great public demand for his books, yet there is only one of them before the people to-day in stage form, and there is only one manager, Sir John Martin Harvey, who thinks Charles Dickens worth while. Yet Dickens, like Shakespeare, can never become old-fashioned, but, unlike Shakespeare, Dickens is very difficult to act. Anybody and everybody plays Shakespeare: academies, schools, amateurs, all can give creditable performances; every leading man, young or middle-aged, fat or thin, plays Hamlet, and always with respectful attention. But it is quite a different thing with Dickens, for to realise absolutely Charles Dickens' characters on the stage has been very rare. Actor managers have had a try, choosing, of course, the showiest parts—sometimes doubling two parts, thereby making the whole quite out of balance.

In my theatre-going days I have seen most of the dramatisations of Dickens' novels and all the really great acting of certain characters. They live in my memory and I am certain I shall never see their like again, for the spirit of Charles Dickens is one that does not permeate the stage of to-day. The plays in vogue are very far removed. Dickens never wrote a suggestive line, Dickens never evolved an unclean and harmful plot, and so he is not wanted. It is a pity, for Dickens was eminently manly, which the stage at present decidedly is not. Nor do the various schools of Dramatic Art concern themselves with Dickens. They teach, it is true, and no doubt very well, all that is wanted for modern plays, but the great actors of the past all had to learn their business in a very hard school—that of work and privation—and those were the actors who made Dickens' characters live. It might be well to remember why Herman Vezin refused Sir Herbert Tree's offer when the School of Dramatic Art was projected. Vezin said to Sir Herbert—and he once said it to me too—'Acting cannot be taught, it must be learned'; a distinction with a very great difference.

I have seen acted *Dombey and Son*, *Bleak House*, *David Copperfield*, *Great Expectations*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Oliver Twist*, *No Thoroughfare*, *Cricket on the Hearth*, *Pickwick*, *Tale of Two Cities*, and *Old Curiosity Shop*. All were well acted, some had great acting. To me the first night of *Dombey and Son* at the Globe Theatre was specially memorable, for I sat next two ladies, sisters, who had been fellow-students with my mother at the Royal Academy of Music. Then they were the Misses Hogarth, afterwards Mrs. Charles Dickens and Mrs. Roney. On that evening, too, I saw the actor who more than any other realised the Dickens spirit: Sam Emery played 'Captain Cuttle,' and he was 'Captain Cuttle' to the life as he was 'Peggotty' to the life in *David Copperfield*. The acting of 'Carker' by that fine actor James Fernandez stood out in a cast that was all good.

In *Copperfield* I recall William Terriss as 'Steerforth.' The 'Micawber' was good but rather burlesqued, as it always has been. In *Bleak House* the two outstanding performances were the 'Hortense' of Miss Dolores Drummond and the 'Jo' of Miss Jennie Lee. Miss Drummond's acting of the jealous, revengeful French woman was wonderful, the accent perfect. Jennie Lee's 'Jo'—what can be said of such supreme acting? The little half-starved lad with the white pinched face, the husky voice, the consumptive cough—the pathos of it all! No French acting that I have ever seen, and I have seen the best, surpassed Miss Lee; even Aimée Desclée was no greater. Miss Lee, I believe, has retired from the stage; she will never be alone, for the kindly, grateful thoughts of all who saw her beautiful rendering of one of Charles Dickens' most beautiful characters will accompany her.

I saw *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Adelphi Theatre with George Belmore as 'Newman Noggs,' another fine actor who understood Dickens. 'Smike' was played by Miss Hudspeth, a charming actress. 'Smike' was originally acted by the famous Mrs. Keeley. At the same theatre I was at the first night of *No Thoroughfare*, a very exciting drama and finely acted. Mrs. Alfred Mellon, as the veiled lady in the Prologue, gave a most touching performance; then Fechter as 'Obenreizer' and Benjamin Webster as 'Joey Ladle.' The stage has never held greater talent than was at the Adelphi in that play. Fechter it is true was not the hero of romance this time, but the schemer and would-be murderer. And Benjamin Webster, the one great 'Triplet' of *Masks and Faces*, perfect actor alike in comedy and tragedy.

J. L. Toole had the true Dickensian spirit: witness his 'Caleb Plummer' in *The Cricket on the Hearth* and the 'Artful Dodger' in *Oliver Twist*. In this play he had with him his lifelong player friend, Henry Irving, as 'Bill Sykes'—one of Irving's early triumphs. In *Pickwick*, later on produced by Irving at his own theatre, he was not so good as 'Jingle,' nor could even George Belmore realise 'Sam Weller.' *Pickwick* was the only weak stage version of Dickens.

*Barnaby Rudge* at the Princess's Theatre was staged very lavishly and well acted. Mrs. John Wood was broadly comic as 'Miss Miggs.' I recall *The Old Curiosity Shop* chiefly by the horribly weird 'Quilp' of John Clark.

*Great Expectations* was played at the Court Theatre with two great character actors in two great character parts—John Clayton and J. C. Cowper. Clayton subsequently acted 'Sydney Carton' in *All for Her*, a version of *The Tale of Two Cities*. A very outstanding performance in this was the spy of Horace Wigan.

These were all the Dickens' plays I have seen. All of great interest, all strong, well knit, wholesome, and all acted by men and women trained in the highest and best traditions of the stage. Will there ever be a demand again for plays and acting of such kind? I hope so.

I can see Sam Emery as 'Peggotty' and hear him say: 'I'm going to find my little Emily. I'm going to seek her through the world. No one stop me!'

And before my eyes is the little dying crossing-sweeper with his words still in my ears: 'He was very good to me he was. I am as poor as you, Jo, he ses, I wants to tell him I'm as poor as him now and have come to be laid along of him.'

Tell me, are the purity, pathos, and humour of Charles Dickens equalled on our stage to-day? And, if not, would it not be well to revive the spirit of Dickens? There is still a great public for wholesome drama. Must they always be forced to stay at home?

WILLIAM FARREN.

# GLAUCER'S TOMB.

BY L. M. CRUMP, C.I.E.

'THAT is the place, Sahib,' said the old man, pointing to the ruins of the chattri, which had been erected over the dog's grave and which now lay in two almost equal heaps on the ground.

I moved towards them, expecting him to follow.

'Come on,' I said.

'No! Sahib. I come not: I am afraid. I have seen what I have seen.'

The conversation that followed finally decided me to carry out my promise to destroy even the ruins and to plough up the ground, but if I am to make myself intelligible, I had better begin my tale at the beginning.

Few people, who have visited the Residency at Shivapur, have not been enchanted with it. It is such a strange and attractive mixture of ancient and modern, of East and West. The centre of it is an old Mohammedan tomb, erected over the remains of one of Akbar's great nobles, who died there in battle, and it is naturally in the best Mogul style. This had been turned into the dining-room of the Residency. It had been replastered, redecorated by the local art school, and artistically lighted with concealed bulbs, so that it formed a room at once uniquely beautiful and uniquely interesting. Everybody liked and admired it, with two exceptions or rather two classes of exceptions. The first was composed of Indians and Anglo-Indians of long Eastern residence, who could not resist the association with the dead, and the second of a few hyper-sensitives, who seemed instinctively and instantaneously to resent the atmosphere. One lady, indeed, so fresh from Europe, so new to India, as to render it unlikely that she should have realised its character, shuddered visibly on entering what she immediately termed 'this charnel-house.'

If, however, any one experienced a feeling of this kind in the dining-room, it was lost at once on penetrating to the garden-front, which lay beyond it. The architecture of this was a not unsuccessful attempt to unite Mogul and Jacobean characteristics. It sounds a curious mixture and it was, but the work had been skilfully done

and the resulting effect, if at the first sight somewhat bizarre, was not displeasing and certainly grew upon one.

But what ended any gruesome feeling and buried it finally, was a glance at the garden. It had been carefully designed, with wide lawns and terraces in the best Italian style, and in the centre was a charming sunk garden, with water channels in approved Persian fashion, lined with blue tiles. This was not, however, what immediately struck the gaze on first looking out on to it from the top of the steps. Save in the sunk garden, which was not immediately visible from the house, flowers were not many, though cannas grew luxuriantly, flaunting their brilliant colours to the tropic sun. The most noticeable feature was the mass of flowering trees and shrubs, selected obviously for their brilliant hues, poinsettias with their scarlet, hybiscus in red and mauve and pink, the yellow-red of the gold mohur tree, the vivid flame of the forest, the mauve and white of the kachnars and the yellow cataract of the amaltas—all these in their season made the garden a thing of beauty to rejoice the heart of man, and over it hung the heavy scent of the orange, the jasmine, and the champak.

In 1880 the Resident was Sir David Erskine, one of the most popular figures in India—able, genial and human, with a rare sense of humour and an unfailing stream of anecdote. He was a bachelor but, despite this and his years, his heart was ever young and he would not allow my friend, Jack Trevor, his Assistant, and one of the keenest sportsmen I have ever known, to live in his own house. He insisted on his sharing the Residency. Thither Trevor accordingly moved, taking with him an almost full-grown Great Dane puppy, to which he was greatly attached, and which soon was a prime favourite with Sir David also. But when in the following cold weather Sir David brought out his niece from England, the dog, after some amusing hesitations due to loyalty to his master, decided that she was the mistress for him and quickly made it evident, even to Trevor, that she was his chosen lady. Trevor, fortunately, was of the same opinion, and encouraged the dog's attachment. He took to the girl at once. She was young, fresh, and a sportswoman, an excellent rider, shot, and dancer, for whom no day was too long and most nights too short, and the two were soon fast friends and in no long time, more. They were engaged before the cold weather was over and married in September in Simla and no one was more delighted than Glaucer, the Great Dane, to find, on their return to the Residency in October,

that his two gods had now merged into one, and that their union saved him from any canine doubts or argument as to whose room he was to sleep in.

But the gods of India are jealous gods and they cast their malignant eyes on the happy household. In the following March, as little Mrs. Trevor was standing on the edge of the veranda, thinking of the happy prospect that awaited her and her husband in two or three months' time, Glaucer suddenly bounced into her. She stumbled over a flower-pot and fell over the edge of the veranda. That night a miscarriage ensued, and ere the next day was over she was dead.

Trevor was inconsolable, but great as was his grief that of Glaucer was greater. He seemed to know that he was the cause of the tragedy, never lifted up his head, barely touched his food and rarely slept, yet at the same time he was always on the quest. He never sat or lay still for more than a few moments together. Up he would jump from his master's side in his office room, pad out and up the stairs, and search Mrs. Trevor's bedroom; return, lie down for ten minutes and then draw her favourite corner of the garden. At night he was the same, always restless, up and about his master's bedroom and then downstairs to try his fortunes in the drawing-room and in the garden again. Two or three of the servants left because of his behaviour, for they saw that he was following the mem-sahib's ghost, and, as all wise men know, there is no ghost more deadly than the 'churel,' the spirit of her who has died in childbirth and wanders with back-turned feet through the paths of night, seeking revenge for her lost happiness on any victim she can find.

More would perhaps have left but Glaucer ended their doubts. One day he was missing and could not be found, until the Cantonment Cemetery Chaukidar, with a face green with terror, came to report that the great hound had come to the cemetery and was tearing at the grave of his beloved mistress.

Erskine and Trevor went off at once and found Glaucer still there, utterly exhausted by his labours, amid piles of earth amazing in their quantity. They attempted to coax him away, but he refused to budge, and at last they tried to drag him off. He resisted feebly for a time, but when they got him to the cemetery gates he summoned all his forces for one mighty effort, tore the chain out of Trevor's hand, galloped at racing speed to his mistress's grave, and with one long howl expired.

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Had it been possible, he would have been given a grave by hers in the cemetery, but this could not be, so Glaucer was laid to rest in his mistress's favourite corner of the beautiful Residency garden, under a plain but exquisitely proportioned canopy, and over him a stone recorded his virtues and his devotion.

Twenty years afterwards, while on leave in England, Trevor married again. I was somewhat surprised, for I had thought that he would never recover from the loss of his first wife whose memory he had worshipped for years. I rejoiced, however, to think that he would now enjoy some of the happiness he had missed, and sent him my congratulations and a present. He wrote briefly to thank me but said nothing special of his wife, save that I was to wait till I saw her and then I should understand. He added, however, what, unreasonably yet perhaps not unaccountably, disturbed me greatly, that he had just been offered, markedly out of his turn, the Residency at Shivapur, and that he was bringing his wife out there in November.

I gladly accepted their invitation to spend Christmas week with them. Trevor met me at the station in the early morning and I was delighted to see the change in his face. The shadow of years seemed to have lifted and the sun to be shining again. At the Residency he hurried me up to my room and I bathed and changed as quickly as possible. Even then I was late by the breakfast gong, and with a final hasty dab at my hair I hurried down the corridor and turned a corner. Then I started, for in front of me I saw, as I fancied, the first Mrs. Trevor. I halted, gasping. She turned, held out her hand, and said quite calmly :

' You must be Colonel Ashton, Jack's old friend. I am so glad you were able to come.'

With an effort I pulled myself together and muttered the usual commonplaces, and we passed on downstairs to the drawing-room. As we entered Trevor looked towards me, raised his brows, and I nodded.

There was no doubt the resemblance was astounding. The same height and the same figure, the same oval of the face, the same brown hair with golden lights, the same blue eyes—an amazing likeness. I spent all breakfast time working it out, seeing more and more resemblances, and indeed hearing more, for the voices were not unlike and in certain deeper tones absolutely identical. After breakfast we sat under the stately trees at the edge of the lawn, at least all the house party except Trevor who had to go

to his office. While we sat and talked I watched Mrs. Trevor closely and, what I was watching for now, was points of difference.

I watched with interest and, I trust, intelligence; and physically, I still could see little, if any, difference. The eyes of the new Mrs. Trevor were perhaps rather darker in colour than those of her predecessor, and they appeared to hold more in their depths. Her whole person, too, seemed to be in a somewhat more delicate and more ethereal mould. This idea led me on to wonder whether she might not be a very different woman in herself, and from that moment I ceased the futile physical comparison and listened for her rare interpolations in the general conversation. This was the usual farrago of an Indian Christmas week—the chances of polo, of the races, of the horse show, the coming dances, Mrs. Jones' dresses and how she could afford them, Mrs. Smith and why she couldn't afford better, and Mrs. Robinson and her latest attaché.

In this Mrs. Trevor took no part unless directly appealed to when her replies were brief and displayed no interest. Any remark about the garden, the flowers, the shrubs, however, at once aroused her, and she showed a distinct knowledge and critical appreciation of one or two recent books which happened to be mentioned though even then her actual remarks were few and brief. It was just being slowly driven in on me that she was by no means the mental duplicate of her forerunner when Trevor came out. He joined for a while in the general conversation and then carried me off for a stroll round the garden.

When we were quite alone, away from the others, he turned to me and said with a lift in his voice, 'Well, old boy?'

I faced him, jerking my head in the direction where his wife was sitting. He nodded.

'It's an amazing likeness,' I said.

'It is,' he replied. 'When I first saw her at Chichester I nearly broke down, for there in front of my eyes was my dead Phyllis of twenty years ago, alive and in the flesh. I made up my mind to marry her on the spot, and in one month we were engaged and married in two.'

'That is a short time to get to know a woman.'

'Get to know her!' he laughed. 'I know Rosemary through and through. She is my Phyllis over again, except that she is not quite so keen on dogs and horses and sport. She makes me believe in re-incarnation. She's just my Phyllis born again.'

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I had my doubts, but I did not like to throw cold water on his obvious happiness and enthusiasm. We strolled on, and conversation turned into other channels.

That year the Club ball was the last of the big dances of the week and Trevor, as president of the Club, could not get away, at any rate, till after supper. About eleven o'clock Mrs. Trevor came to me, said she was not feeling well and asked me to take her home. This I did, leaving word with Trevor's Assistant that we had gone. When we got to the Residency she took me to the drawing-room, got me a whisky and soda and one of my favourite cigars, and sat down opposite me.

'Colonel Ashton,' she began, 'why did you start so, when you saw me first?'

I started again, I'm afraid, and could only answer lamely, 'Can't you guess?'

'Yes, I can. I have guessed several times with you and others, but I want you to tell me why, so that I may know.'

I hesitated a moment and then asked: 'Have you not seen a portrait of the first Mrs. Trevor?'

'No, never! Jack has talked and talked to me of her, but never would he describe her, much less show me a portrait, and there is not one in the house.'

'Why, this very room used to be full of them, and besides he had a large painting——' Then I stopped, for it suddenly occurred to me that Trevor must have some reason for not showing her a portrait of his first wife.

I felt awkward, but she rose, held out her hand, and said quietly: 'Good night, Colonel Ashton, you have told me enough. At least I think so.'

I left next day for my station, after promising both my host and hostess to return in April on my way to Kashmir. The situation was often in my mind in the next three months, and when I found myself in the train *en route* to Shivapur in April I spent most of my time in wondering what developments had taken place.

Trevor greeted me as cordially as ever, but his wife seemed rather distraught and aloof. She was thinner than before and the fragility of her appearance was more marked, thus lessening her likeness to the first Mrs. Trevor. He on his part was as attentive to her and as obviously fond of her as ever. He used to watch her when she was talking, and would smile faintly at certain little

tricks of gesture—a quick sharp pat to the back of her hair was one—and at certain deeper notes in her voice. I could not help the feeling that she noticed and resented this constant vigilance, and once or twice I thought she was about to speak to me about something of importance to herself.

After a day or two Trevor suddenly asked me how I thought she was looking, and I could not help saying that she seemed thinner and somewhat over-strained, and advised him to send her away early to the hills.

'Nonsense, nonsense,' he exclaimed. 'She is quite well, and why should she go away before I go in May? Phyllis wouldn't have gone.'

'But she is not Phyllis,' I replied, 'and I am sure there is something on her nerves.'

'Yes, perhaps there is,' he admitted reluctantly. 'She is irritable at times and fanciful too. You know, every night when we have been alone, she and I used to stroll round the garden and sit on Glaucer's tomb. I used to love it, for, when I had her there, I could dream that I had Phyllis beside me, and I used almost to expect Glaucer to come out and lay his head on her lap, as he used to do. We didn't talk much, but I used to watch her face and listen to her voice, which, especially in certain tones, completes the likeness. For twenty years I have never had such moments of happiness. At first Rosemary seemed to like it, but latterly she gets restless as soon as we sit down on the stone, and once or twice has refused to sit there at all. She says there is an uncanny feeling about it and that something scratches inside the tomb. I tell her that if it's anything it's only rats, but she persists that there is something there that wants to get out.'

'Well, my dear old boy, then she obviously has something on her nerves and the sooner you send her away the better: let me take her to Kashmir with me.'

Trevor seemed to think over this but rejected the suggestion and, in spite of all my persuasion, adhered obstinately to his refusal. He must, however, have spoken to her, for when he had gone to his office next day, she broached the subject with me.

'You've been talking about me to Jack and wanting to get me away to the hills.'

I nodded.

'Why have you pressed this on him?'

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is something that you will not tell him that is preying on your mind, and I think a change would do you good.'

'I would give the world for it,' she said fervently, and then, when I hoped she would go on, she held her peace.

'Mrs. Trevor,' I said gently, 'can't you bring yourself to tell me. I am sure it would be a relief.'

She bowed her head, gazed down in thought at her strained, clenched hands and then looked up, very white, but with the set face of one who had made and meant to keep a hard resolution.

'Listen,' she began, 'but first promise you will never tell Jack.'

I promised, though I may have made a mental reservation, and she continued.

'You know that we married in haste and'—with the first touch of bitterness I had ever noticed in her—'perhaps we are, or at any rate I am, beginning to repent and the leisure is long. Jack fell in love, or appeared to fall in love, with me at first sight. Though he was nearly thirty years older than I was, he was as wild and gay, as young in his wooing, as if he had been only twenty. I was carried off my feet and in two months we were married. Our remaining time at home was just a dream of happiness, but from the time we came to this—this tomb things have been going wrong. I didn't want him to accept the appointment, because I was sure that here he would compare me to my disadvantage with his first wife, but he said that he could not refuse the promotion. Well, we came. From the first I did not like the house. I am sensitive, perhaps too sensitive to influences. I hated the dining-room at once, before I knew it had been a tomb, and more after, when I did know, and I spent all the time I could on the garden side and in the garden. There I felt perfectly happy, and especially by the dog's grave, where I often used to sit by myself.'

Perhaps I looked surprised, for she paused and said: 'I see Jack has told you. I don't like it now, but let me go on. You know I have my own tastes—I like flowers, books, poetry especially, and I sketch a little, very badly it's true, but I love it. Gradually it began to dawn on me in the long lonely hours, that the wife of a busy man so often has to face in India, that Jack took little or no interest in these things, which I love. He was always proud of me, liked to see me well dressed and admired, was always kind and attentive and ready to talk with me on all ordinary subjects, especially the horses and sport, for which I cared little. But something was wanting, and on your hint I sought and found that

portrait. It is behind a cupboard in his office. That made me think the more, and then I began to notice his habit of watching me, as if waiting for something to give him pleasure. I couldn't place it for some time. At last one evening, as we were sitting on the dog's grave, one mail day, when I had just heard of my sister's death and was telling him of her, talking I suppose rather seriously and mournfully, I suddenly turned and saw him watching and listening, intently but with a faint smile of pleasure in his face. A quick feeling of repulsion came over me, and at that very moment I felt as if something stirred inside the grave. I jumped up and went off to the house. Jack followed, full of apologies, which of course I had to accept, but this started me on the trail. Listen, Colonel Ashton, for this is the secret of my tragedy. Jack doesn't love me; he neither knows nor cares for me, the real me. What he loves is my likeness to the dead. As long as I look like her, act like her, speak like her, he is my slave, but it's more than I can endure and it's killing me, for I love him.'

She ceased, and the only sound was her sobbing. I did my best to comfort her, but feebly—the more feebly from my recognition of the deadly truth, which her intuition had revealed to her. She quieted down by degrees, then wiped her eyes, stood up and held out her hand.

'Thank you so much for listening to me, Colonel Ashton, it has been a relief and I am really very grateful. I fear you will think me a stupid hysterical woman, but I cannot bear to go on like this—the target for the arrows of Jack's love for another woman—and never, never will I sit again on that horrible tomb, where her dog wriggles and scratches to get out.'

I made another effort next day to get Trevor to send her away, but without success. In May, just as I was leaving Srinagar for Gulmarg, I received a telegram from Trevor—'Come at once.' I got a car as fast as possible, and when I reached Pindi bought a *Civil and Military Gazette*. There I read:

#### TRAGIC DEATH OF A LADY.

Mrs. Trevor, the wife of the Hon'ble Mr. J. K. Trevor, C.S.I., C.I.E., Resident at Shivapur, was found dead in the garden of the Residency on the night of the 14th instant, while her husband was away on tour. The slight earthquake shock which was experienced that evening brought down a stone chattri in the garden, by which Mrs. Trevor had been sitting. She was struck on the

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back of the head by a falling piece of masonry and killed on the spot. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Trevor, who was only married last year.

When I got to Shivapur I was met by the doctor. I asked how Trevor was and the answer was not reassuring.

'He didn't,' said the doctor, 'know the details of the tragedy till he got back here. We couldn't get at him, for he was already on his way home, and indeed, had he not been delayed he would have been here that day. Till then he had borne up well, but from that time he collapsed, and though he is much quieter, he is still delirious at times and seems to have something on his mind, which he won't tell. You had better wait a little before seeing him. It was a most unlucky affair, and it is really extraordinary how the shock centred on the chattri.'

I waited two days and then the doctor came to me:

'I think you had better see him; he knows you are here and I have a fancy that he may unburden himself to you; the trouble is mental, and if he could only relieve his mind, I think we might pull him through.'

I went up to the bedroom. The nurse set a chair for me by his bedside and left the room. Trevor put out a thin, brown hand and held mine tightly for a while. I could only say 'Jack, old friend, you know how I feel for you.'

He nodded, clung to my hand for a while and then said—'I am going to join her—no, not her, them. But I want to give you some instructions before I go. You will find my will in the despatch case by the side of my desk in the office. You are sole executor and I want you to look after my sister's boys. She's a widow, and I have helped her for years. She'll be comfortably off now, but wants help with those two lads.'

I undertook to carry out his wishes, and he lay quiet again; then he recommenced, speaking now quickly and excitedly—'And before you go, you must destroy Glaucer's tomb in the garden, destroy it utterly so that no trace of it remains, and dig up the bones and burn them. Promise! Promise!'

I promised, and the words were barely out of my mouth when he rose in his bed and shrieked: 'Phyllis! Rosemary! Down, Glaucer! down!' The nurses came in as he relapsed into delirium again.

After dinner that night I sat out in the garden, thinking over the strange tragedy. Then thinking, as it often does with me,

started me walking. As I went round the garden a man got up and followed me with a lantern. I did not notice who he was at first, but looking more closely, as I turned I saw that he was Trevor's old bearer, who had been with him almost all his service.

I asked him where Mrs. Trevor had died, and he showed me but would not go near the tomb, saying 'I have seen what I have seen.'

I sat down on a neighbouring seat and bade him sit on the ground and tell me. The hurricane lantern which he had been carrying was beside us and I could see his face working with emotion.

'Sahib,' he said, 'this is an evil place: you sahib-log took the tomb of a soldier of the Prophet and you have defiled it instead of honouring it. Hence they who live in this house are under a curse, and twice has the curse fallen on my sahib, whom I love even as my own son—yea—and both times by means of the dog, that defiled the grave of the faithful. The Presence knoweth how the first wife of my sahib died by a fall caused by the great dog, and how for many years he ate the bread of affliction with the jaws of misery. Then, when I heard from England that he had married again, my heart was rejoiced and I trusted that the days of sorrow were over at last. But when the order came for me to meet him here, my heart was broken within me, for I feared the fate that hangs over this house. And when I saw the new mem-sahib, my eyes almost fell from my head in amazement, for she was even as the first, as like as two twin children, as two petals of a rose, as two drops of water. I know not why, but the fear took a tighter grip on my heart. Yet the sahib was happy, and night after night have I taken the lantern, as I did with thyself to-night sahib, and lighted their path as they walked round the garden in the evening, and sat, as night after night was their wont, on the tomb of the dog. Then one night the mem-sahib got up and went in hastily, and the little dog that was with her suddenly fled a little distance from the tomb, and, turning, barked and barked angrily at it, until the sahib too got up and went in after the mem-sahib. Thereafter, though they walked in the garden, they sat not often on the tomb. I wondered why, but after a while the servants began to whisper of a 'churel' that haunted the tomb, and I spoke of it to the sahib, but sharply he bade me shut my lips nor repeat the babble of fools. Then the sahib had to go away in haste on the first day of the month and me he left in charge, with many warnings to look after the mem-sahib with care. Every

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night she walked in the garden, but never went to the tomb, and the little dog walked at her side. At last, on the night when the sahib should have returned but was delayed, she walked for a while in the garden and then went near the tomb. The little dog stopped and barked, and for all her calling would not go with her, and at last I heard her say—for I know a little English, sahib—'Oh! Chang, you are as silly as I am,' and she went by herself and sat on the tomb, and I sat at a distance with the light. After a while she bade me turn down the light, for she wanted to think, and I obeyed. Then suddenly the earth shook and the chattri was split in two, and the hound leapt forth and smote her.'

'Impossible,' I exclaimed hastily.

'La haula wala quwata-illa b'illa-hil-ali-il azim' ('There is no power nor might save in God the great'), was the reply.

## THE CUTTY STOOL.

(1784.)

*It is a Sunday morning late in November in the year of our Lord, 1784, when Alloway Kirk, unaware of the honour that has befallen it, takes its since-recognised place in the historical comedy of man's making of man.*

*In the gaunt, white-washed interior we see the front end of a seated congregation, facing (across an empty space of floor backed by a blank wall with a door leading out) the broad platform-like pulpit which stands opposite. The windows are too high up to admit a view, but they cannot conceal the fact that outside is a fine day.*

*The pulpit is energetically occupied by an elderly minister in a black gown. Before him, on the book-rest, sleeps a large Bible—closed, that is to say. But the thumpings it endures would surely rouse to protest anything which had in it as much of the spirit of truth as was in Balaam's ass when it opened its mouth to complain against unjust thwackings. On this occasion, however, no miracle happens; and the prophet is left to have his own way.*

*Below the book-rest, and sufficiently away to prevent the leaning-back of its occupant, stands the cutty-stool; and the fact that to-day it is occupied by Robert Burns will, at a future date, make it so sentimentally valuable both to the Scottish nation, who still read him, and the English, who never did, that an honoured place would be found for it—if not in Westminster Abbey itself—in any other shrine of national self-worship one likes to name. Robert Burns is sitting with his back to the minister; and that, perhaps, is as well, for the expression of his face is not attentive. And though one might charitably assume, from his absorbed demeanour and bent head, that thought had gone inwards, carrying the minister's word with it, and separating him from consciousness of outward things—even of the inquisitorial eye of his neighbours here directed against him row behind row—there is now and then a stealthy movement of the hand covered by the bonnet upon his knee, which suggests mental occupation of another kind.*

*The service proper is over; and the address, whose peroration we now hear, is being delivered entirely for the benefit of the culprit upon the cutty-stool, and for the warning of others who may be similarly tempted. And there is this to the good about it, that, under this stark régime of church-discipline, adultery is frankly spoken of and denounced,*

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and is not merely relegated to its place in the accustomed recital of the Ten Commandments, where for most ears it means nothing. So now the Church has said her say about it ; and, furnished with a selected example for chapter and verse, the word is made flesh and has a meaning, while to a properly scandalised congregation the minister thus concludes his remarks :

MINISTER. Aweel, my brethren ! and when ye're all dead and damned, ye will look up to Him from your infinite torment and say ' O Lord, why are we here ? ' And Gawd, explaining Himself to the sinner—reasonable as well as just—' ull look down at you in His infinite mercy and say ' For your sins ! ' And ye'll look up at Him again, from that infinite torment which'll ever be finding fresh ways to get at you, and ye'll say ' But, Lord, we didna ken ! We didna ken ! ' And Gawd, in His infinite mercy, ' ull look down at you again, and say ' Aweel ! ye ken it noo ! '

*(As the spoken Word of divinely chosen dialect is thus vouched for, the written Word receives a hard knock ; and a rhetorical pause follows.)*

And ye will, my brethren, ye will ken it ; and your lie will have found you out ! For here have ye been told all about it this day, and been given the good scripture word for it, so that hereafter ye shall have no excuse to your sins. And though, like enough, ye'll forget it—and, mind me, some of ye will !—*ye ken it noo !* So dinna say the Lord hasna given you your chance, ye writhing worms, ye miserable blind moles, ye hopping and skipping hypocrites ! For I've told it to all of ye ; and have shown ye the road ye're going—the broad road that leadeth to destruction. And there I see you running down it, to right and to left, with a foot in each ditch ; so fond of it, ye think ye can't have too much of it. But ye will ; for ye'll have it to all eternity—a road without end.

*(And now from the general he turns to the particular, and with downward-directed gaze adapts the tone of his oratory to the domestic concern which lies immediately before him.)*

And here's a sinner sitting before ye, snatched back one merciful minute from that road he was linking along so nimbly, when the Kirk took hold of him by his hairy scalp that was going on still in wickedness, and told him to sit here and repent of his wrongdoings.

Robert Burns, ye ken why ye're here. And ye ken ye've done wrong. For if ye hadna done wrong ye wouldna be here. And with the eyes of this congregation upon you, ye sit and ye're ashamed. And they do well so to sit and look at you ; and ye do

well to be ashamed. But they don't see ye as Gawd sees ye. He's got an Eye like a gimlet, that pierces to the joints of your harness, and the marrow of your bones, and the trembling jelly of your heart—which should all run down to your boots, I'm thinking, if ye kened, as I ken, the peril that ye stand in.

But if you repent it can come up again—only not too fast, mind ye! just a wee bit at a time, searching itself as it comes. Ye've been a sinner with women, Robert Burns; oft times ye've been that, and we not knowing it. But your sin with one woman, weak and wilful like yourself, has found you out. For the crying of a bairn born of sin ye can't cover up with a saucepan lid; ye can't make a lamb's stew of it, nor a pig's hash! It's got to come out! And it has come out; and there it is; and here you are. And here am I telling this congregation that, if ye don't repent and turn from your wicked ways, there'll be a Robbie Burns in Hell, burning like his own name to all eternity: like your own name, Robbie Burns, a red blazing light for the Deil to read names by—for all eternity! Ye poor miserable sinner, the Lord bless this day to ye, and make good come of it, though we see it not!

And now, Brethren, we will all go, and leave him to his ain thoughts, so that, when he comes to himself again, he may have the fatted calf killed for him, better than the husks trodden by the feet of swine. . . . 'Amen! and Amen!' say all of ye: then ye can go.

*(With a murmured confusion of tongues, the congregation makes the required response. There is a preparatory shuffling of feet, which ceases as the minister resumes speaking.)*

One of the Elders will now collect from the penitent the usual thank-offering.

*(An Elder, who has been sitting prepared, comes forward carrying his bag, which having presented, he stands waiting. And while the Minister proceeds to give out notice of church-business, Robert Burns sits searching his pocket for the requisite coin; and the following brief colloquy ensues):*

BURNS. Man, how much is it?

ELDER. Ye should have had it ready.

BURNS. So I have, when you tell me.

ELDER. It's a guinea.

BURNS. Losh!

*(And meanwhile, over their heads, the Minister is talking.)*

MINISTER. There will be a meeting for prayer in this place of worship on Wednesday evening next, at six o'clock, in preparation

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for the appointment of new Elders for the coming year. The list of names will be found on the kirk-door ; and you can read them as you go out.

*(This concludes matters. The Minister retires through a door behind the pulpit ; and the Elder, carrying the bag of offertory, mounts and goes after him. The congregation, dilatory with curiosity, is now filtering out back and front. An Elder, pausing in his exit, approaches the still-seated occupant of the cutty-stool.)*

ELDER. Ye don't look penitent, Robbie, not as penitent as I would like ye to look.

BURNS. Eh ; but it's a sair thing to be found out, man ! I'm penitent enough for that. And you'd be as penitent as me, if I told 'em all I know about ye !

ELDER. Ah, you've the Devil in you still, Robbie !

BURNS. Chained up as a watchdog, to scare away shady characters. . . . He's driven you awa for one.

*(The Elder has not waited to hear the end of that retort ; he goes out with a snarl, slamming the door. And now, for a moment, the penitent thinks he is alone ; when up from the back pews comes a man of his own class, rather younger than himself, friendly, shy, a little awkward—doubtful, perhaps, in what sort of mood he will find his friend after public penance. But this is one whom, for special though illegitimate reasons, Burns is glad to get word with. Nevertheless, proudly suspicious, he waits, and it is Andrew Paton, brother to the partner of his present disgrace, who speaks first.)*

ANDREW. Weel, Robbie ?

BURNS. Well, Andy ?

ANDREW. Aren't ye coming awa ? Have ye not wearied of your long sitting yet ?

BURNS. I'm letting it sink in, man.

ANDREW. Letting what ?

BURNS. My repentance. And I'm waiting till all the holy ones have tired of biding to see me come out.

ANDREW. That means that ye're ashamed, then. Ye said ye wouldna be.

BURNS. Ashamed ? Ye can make any man ashamed by pulling his breeks off ! Yet there was a many of 'em to-day—aye, elders, too !—peering behind what had stooled me, licking their creeshie fat chaps, and wishing 't had been them—so long as they werena caught for it ! I had but to look, and their breeks were a' off every man jack o' them.

*(This outburst has been caused by the return from the vestry of the Elder that had the bag. The attack is direct ; he flies before it. Burns laughs triumphantly.)*

ANDREW. Robbie, ye're awfu' !

BURNS. I am, Andy. Where do ye come from ?

ANDREW. Hame : cam' back last night.

BURNS. Eh ? Have ye seen Lizzie ?

ANDREW. I was waiting to tell ye.

BURNS. How is she ?

ANDREW. Oh, doing nicely.

BURNS. Ye've seen her ?

ANDREW. Of course I've seen her.

*(But there is something in hand to which at this moment the other's attention is suddenly diverted. Andrew looks on, puzzled.)*

What are ye writing there ?

BURNS. Only the last line.

ANDREW. Of what ?

BURNS. Just thoughts that came to me the while.

ANDREW *(properly scandalised)*. Have ye been writing it here ?

BURNS. Yes.

ANDREW. All the time : while everybody was keeking at ye, and Minister preaching ?

BURNS. When else ? They wouldna leave off ; nor would he.

ANDREW *(dubious)*. What is it, Robbie : a confession ?

BURNS *(with relish)*. Aye !

ANDREW. Are ye going to make it public ?

BURNS. Aye ! print it in a book, some day. And Scotland's going to sing it for me. Whisky, and haggis, and my songs, Andy, are going to keep Scotland proud of herself.

ANDREW. Your songs 'ull have to be mighty guid, Robbie, to stand such company.

BURNS. They are, man ! Hark to this now ! Sit down !

*(Robbie rises for the recitation, and Andy sits down in his place, where, before long, his face becomes a picture of contending emotions.)*

BURNS. There's nought but care on every han',

In every hour that passes :

What signifies the life o' man,

An' 'twere na for the lasses ?

Green grow the rashes, O :

*(Chorus, Andy !)*

Green grow the rashes, O ;  
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
Are spent among the lasses, O.

ANDREW (*scared*). Oh, Robbie, you mustna say that in a kirk !

BURNS. Where else better, if it's true ? Haud yer blether !  
(*And he continues.*)

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,  
My arms about my dearie, O ;  
An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men  
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O ;

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this ;  
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :  
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

(*King Solomon that was, Andy.*)

ANDREW (*rising, his sense of desecration too much for him*).  
Robbie, ye're just awfu' !

BURNS. I'm just mysel'. Aye, it's awful to be that, isn't it ?

ANDREW. And you making all that while Minister was calling  
ye to repent of your sins !

BURNS. Man, I had to get my mind off him, else I should 'a  
howked wi' laughter at all the foolishness he was telling.

ANDREW. How have ye remembered it a' ?

BURNS. Wrote it into my hat, like a hen sits placing her egg,  
saying nothing. But she cackles when it's over. Is't na a beautiful  
poem, Andy ? And is't na true ? Is't na God's truth ? Ye know  
it is, Andy. Be honest !

ANDREW. There's some truths ought na to be said in kirk,  
Robbie.

BURNS. For instance ?

ANDREW. I'll not say it—here.

BURNS. Put your head out yon, and say it loud enough and  
I'll hear it.

ANDREW. You come out, Robbie !

(*The more to tempt him he now holds out a letter.*)

BURNS. What ha' ye got there ? For me ?

ANDREW. She's sent you this line.

(*Burns snatches, and sits down to read it.*)

BURNS (*suspiciously*). Who wrote it ?

ANDREW. I did ; but they're her ain words, as she told me.

BURNS (*reading*). Aye: they read like it. . . . Is it a fine bairn!

ANDREW. It's your ain image, Robbie.

BURNS. Then it must be! (*He sits thinking; then—his voice changing to tenderness*). Poor brat! Poor wee innocent brat! Where did the making o' bastards come in, I wonder? A long time after the making o' man, so I reckon. (*Then, challengingly*) And that's the ditch your holy ones are all up against!

ANDREW. What's that to say?

BURNS. If you put a nightcap on top of a hill, will that send it to sleep—or of a volcano, either? Or if you put a piece of sticking-plaster over the mouth of a river, will that stop the tide running? There's a man been inventing a steam-engine, I'm told, a very simple true thing, by the sound of it. You fit a cap to its nozzle, and screw it down till it bursts; or if it doesna burst, it gets up and does something. That's human nature, Andy. It's a great discovery, and when men and ministers have got that into their heads, it'll help 'em to make a better world than they do now.

ANDREW. But you'd have laws, wouldn't you, Robbie? And you'd have morals?

BURNS. I wouldn't throw in more morals than you can find keep for in human nature without scalding it on a fire that makes it boil over. Ye're told that manners make the man; but your ranting morals only make a muck-heap for man to rot.

ANDREW. Ah, Robbie, you talk as ye would heed nothing!

BURNS. I heed everything! There's not a bird flies, nor a thing that crawls, I can't tell ye the kind of it.

ANDREW. Birds haven't souls, man.

BURNS. Haven't they? Then they manage well without them: better than we with.

ANDREW. The minister spoke very powerfully this morning Robbie.

BURNS. He did—of the things he knows. But he was powerfully foolish over the other things.

ANDREW. He frightened me.

BURNS. He meant to: it's his job. He dinna fright me.

ANDREW (*persuasively, wishing his fear to be shared*). Hell, Robbie!

BURNS. I was thinking of something better.

ANDREW. Are ye no afeard ye'll go there?

BURNS. Man, we're there a'ready—all of us!

ANDREW (*with wavering faith*). And the Minister?

BURNS. The Minister's the bottom of it a'! He's auld Nickie himsel', and dinna ken it.

ANDREW. Robbie! Ye're blaspheming.

BURNS. Against who: Auld Nickie? . . . Tuh! Do any of us ken who we really are? . . . I wish I did. Am I anything but just a poor weak man that happens would ha' done better not to be born? Anything but a loose crazy loon making rhymes to tickle the lugs o' the tipplers of a' the taverns—and a few lasses, maybe, that had better not listen to 'em? Will I ever be remembered after I'm gane? What's he that's got haud o' me—here inside? Is it God, or Deil? If it's God, why are we always fechtin', Him and me? If it's the Deil—how is it I hae such love in me that I'm neighbour to whatever has life in it? The Deil loves naething, except to torture it. I love everything. And oh, man! what an agonys the flesh that ye can't take the whole warl' in your arms, and care for it like as if ye were its ain father: fend it from harm, hush it, warm it, sing to it till it sleeps! . . . The warld 'll end some day. Will there be any singing in it, then? Will it go up with a merry noise, to the sound of the trump? Eh! maybe, when all folk are dead in it, there'll be ane wee lark singing up in the clouds—to itself, or to its mate, may be; or just a sparrow chirping on an old tumbled-in roof where once was a warm hearth and a light and the sound of children's voices. . . . Eh, life's hard to bear, life's hard to bear, when you've got much of it in you. But I wouldna gie it up—no, not to get to Heaven—not yet! That's the truth of it: we hae got to be here, and find ourselves out for what we are. But O God, O God, the grief, the trouble of it! The black doubt whether ye're anything but a speck o' dust picked up out of the ground and blown—blown anywhere till it just falls back again, dust into dust! . . . God! . . .

*(As he sits silent, the uncomfortable Andy makes a move, but is held when the other breaks out again.)*

Look at me! Look at these hands—all the movements, and the strings in them; and the shape, and the strength, and the knowledge in them of all the things they've learned doing, and loved doing! See the subtlety of it a'; and this to be only dust! And that—only a bit o' me! What are they for? The steering a plough, or the driving o' horses? the holding of a pen? the handling of a woman's hair, let down in the dark to cover your eyes from the stars?

ANDREW. Robbie!

BURNS. Or just the putting of food into your mouth, or the tipping up of a pewter-pot? What are they for, Andy?

ANDREW. What's anything for?

BURNS. Yes; that's what I want to know! What's life for!

ANDREW. Isn't it for living just? Ye can't get away from it.

BURNS. No: nor from the Deil, either. But you can get away from God, I fear; and where are ye then?

ANDREW. Ye're preaching the Minister's sermon ower again, Robbie.

BURNS. That blithering, blighted, blind bat! . . . Am I! I'd rather be in Hell!

ANDREW. Ye said ye were in it a'ready.

BURNS. Yes; and there's more in it o' good than in all his preaching.

ANDREW. Then ye haven't repented, I'm thinking.

BURNS. I've repented being born, maybe. But once ye're born, it's hard to repent the life it brings ye to. That's it, Andy. Ye're *in* life then: there's no going back on it. But ye might wish, as a dream, that ye never *were* in it. It's the same with women, Andy. Till you know a woman with your body—or till ye want to know her that way—there's peace for a man. Ye can say that was happiness, looking back. But there's no peace, and there's no happiness without her, once you *know*. And there's no getting out of it. It's the same with life. You may curse your life; but you'll cling to it to the bitter end. Aye, and ye'd go after it to the ends of earth—if ye'd lost it—to find it again.

ANDREW. Lost it? D'ye mean—in the other world, Robbie?

BURNS. I hardly know what I mean. I said it—as I felt it. Here's life in me—'*my* life,' I call it; but I don't know what it is, or what the end of it's to be. When you were a bairn, Andy, didna ye feel at times as if something had jumped on to your back in the dark, was hauding on, and wouldna let go? Ye might twist, ye might turn, but ye couldna get rid of it. And ye might run—it liked for ye to run; you might souse yersel' i' the burn—it liked ye to do that too; or ye might cast yersel' down into the pit—and well it liked for you to do that! It 'ud gie ye all the hobgoblin terrors o' the night; but whatever ye did it told ye to do, there was no pleasing the *two* of ye. And though ye did all it made ye do, you'd never be *friends*.

ANDREW. I don't understand what ye mean, man!

BURNS. No; ye wouldna . . . What do ye say to this, Andy? I've begun writing a hymn to the Deil; and surely that ought to please him well, do ye na think? But will it? . . . Hark, now!

ANDREW. God forbid! Ye mauna pray to the Deil in a kirk, Robbie!



BURNS. O Thou, whatever title suit thee—  
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie—  
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,  
Closed under hatches,  
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,  
To scaud poor wretches !

Hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee,  
An' let poor damnéd bodies be ;  
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,  
E'en to a deil,  
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,  
And hear us squeal.

What do ye think o' that for a beginning ?

ANDREW (*tremulously*). I maun go, Robbie.

BURNS. Frighted ye, has it ? Ha !

ANDREW. Surely, man, I think ye're not in your right senses,  
talking the way ye've been doing !

BURNS. Who is ? Are any of our senses right ? Can ye trust  
one of 'em ?

ANDREW. I'm going, Robbie.

BURNS. Back home ? What are ye going to tell her ?

ANDREW. What do ye want me to tell her ?

BURNS. Say, Andy, that I have had a great time of it, three  
hours this morning, wi' the Minister pulling my lugs, and her  
pulling my heart, and all the locality looking at me. Tell her she's  
to be a braw lass, and not to mind what any of them say. Tell her  
to kiss the bairn for me, and gie him his father's love. Tell her I'll  
come round and see her when they let me ; or if they willna, I'll  
come my ain gait by stealth after dark. She'll like that better,  
maybe. And, Andy, tell her I've made a rhyme all about her and  
me that'll be remembered and sung lang after she and I are gone  
to heaven together.

(*Andrew, meanwhile, with apprehensive look, has been fingering  
the latch, impatient to be off. Seeing this, the other checks the flow of  
his discourse, and curtly dismisses him.*)

There ! You can go. Off with you—quick !

(*Much relieved, Andrew slips out.*)

BURNS. Eh ! What a poor fool Andy is—what a poor weak  
fool ! . . . Oh, this world, this world ; and we are in it ! Oh, God,  
God ! How can I stick it out ? How can I bear it ? Life !  
And I still so young ! And if, after all, I do that which shall

make the world remember me—what then? What's the good of it?

*(With a sudden freeing of the emotions, pitiful and childlike, he falls on his knees, and bowing over the cutty-stool prays as from depths of his heart. Perhaps the words being in verse are a help to him, making them seem more his own; but anyway, for the time being, here is sincere and utter surrender.)*

O Lord, out of the deeps of Hell,  
It is to Thee I cry :  
Oh, let Thine ear consider well  
This voice of misery !

If Thou, O Lord, art strict to sum  
What man has done amiss,  
To whom, then, shall salvation come ?  
What hope for sin is this ?

My feet are stuck in mire and clay,  
My mind is hedged with doubt,  
So bound in prison I am. I pray ;  
But nothing brings me out !

*(Above his head a door opens ; from the way by which he went out the Minister returns, now divested of his gown. He advances, and stands looking down on the bowed penitent, who, becoming aware of him, stiffens and slowly raises himself.)*

MINISTER. So the Lord has searched thee out, and has shown thee thy sin !

*(Burns rises ; the cutty-stool clutched in his hand, he stands erect.)*

BURNS. Aye ; there's a fine repentance for ye, now at last !—till next time ; thanks to your sermon, Minister. Ye did right to get spew-quit of it when ye did ! It's the kind that winna keep !

*(Flinging the cutty-stool violently down, so that it breaks, he turns and goes quickly out by the door behind him.)*

MINISTER. Ah ! There's a sair example of a hard heart. I fear there'll be no mending him.

*(Blithely, from without, comes the sound of a voice calling ' Andy. The door swings to with a slam. The Minister picks up the cutty-stool, to restore it to its legs ; one of them he finds broken ; so that he makes up his mind—and speaks it.)*

Twal' bawbees that shall cost him—twal' bawbees, or summons !

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

FURTHER PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF  
AUGUSTE RODIN.

BY ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

II.

NEVER once did I have an opportunity of meeting Rodin's son, but very soon after taking up my duties at the sculptor's country house I learnt that there was a person who stood in that relation to Monsieur and Madame Rodin, and that it was best not to make any allusion to him. His name was Auguste Beuret—Beuret being Madame Rodin's maiden name—and almost all I knew about him was that Rodin was not particularly fond of him, could not suffer him for long at his side, and allowed him to call at Meudon about once a month. How he was smuggled in and out of the grounds without my ever getting a glimpse of him, I do not know; but I was always aware of his having called owing to the excited condition into which his visit always seemed to put his aged mother. When once he had gone she would generally inform me of his visit, and explain how hard it was at times to find the old clothes and the money which constituted his monthly allowance. The place was usually turned topsy-turvy in the search for old boots and cast-off clothing belonging to Monsieur and Madame Rodin; and then, looking very much exhausted, Madame would come sighing into my *bureau* and declare that 'it was all over for this time.' I gathered that he was an artist who managed to earn a little, very little, by means of his engravings, that he was getting on in years, that is to say he was past middle age, and that he was quite uneducated. The quantity of second-hand clothes he seemed to require might possibly have aroused my suspicions if I had troubled to think about it, for obviously the monthly supply could not have been for his own use. But, in any case, I thought it safer not to ask questions, and it was only later on that, to my astonishment, I discovered by accident that he was not merely an engraver, but also a sort of *chiffonnier* (dealer in old clothes), and that he used to eke out his small earnings as an artist by plying this trade—so extraordinary and unexpected for the son of one so famous and eminent.

Madame Rodin did not seem to feel that tremendous tenderness for him which might possibly have caused her to resent Rodin's unnatural aloofness from his offspring; but evidently her devotion to the father was such that it left little room in her heart for any other great and absorbing passion. Thus, although she did not scruple to complain to me often enough of Rodin's difficult temper and of his incorrigible attachment to the rest of her sex, she never once showed any indignation about his treatment of their only child. Whether Rodin ever made any provision for him in later years, I do not know; but since the bulk of the great sculptor's collected treasures went to the State, it is unlikely that there could have been very much left for Auguste Beuret, although I believe the French Government undertook, at Rodin's death, to make the man a small allowance.

Madame Rodin used to assure me that Rodin made a practice of criticising and correcting their son's artistic work; but the impression I got from her repeated confidences on the point—and remembering impression rather confirmed by the verdict of history—was that Auguste Beuret was not by any means a great or very capable artist, and that he certainly had not inherited any of his father's genius.

Rodin himself never once referred to Auguste Beuret in my presence, although I believe this apparent secrecy was due more to the fact that he was indifferent than to any desire to conceal from me all knowledge of the man's existence. At the time I came across him, moreover, Rodin was on the whole too much self-centred to allow such a circumstance to preoccupy him. Indeed his absorption in his own concerns was such that he frequently had to be loudly called, as it were from a deep reverie, in order to attend to a remark made by anyone who was habitually about his person, and this was more especially the case when he was feeling low or worried.

Sitting or standing in his garden or large studio at Meudon sucking the sweets which he always carried about with him, he may have attended to us who saw him daily only with a certain effort. Truth to tell, this was largely due not only to self-absorption, but, as I discovered after a time, to a slight affliction, the existence of which he never openly acknowledged. I have said that there was a deep strain of vanity in his nature. Perhaps there is in all of us. But in him it manifested itself, among other ways, in a very pardonable but quite stubborn refusal to admit that he was slightly

deaf. The man's Regard quite so with him distinctly at first I Madame explanat character; fo in temper met. It any such it seem suggest c. I h. I rem after lun apparent Bock' he observ But when one d time the my mout when proc little met tops. ' Indeed ex: replie I be His s ave bee may hav reign n but in Ro spect th learn unpelling c were villants, VOL. I

deaf. Thus I acquired the habit of approaching him rather in the manner of one who wishes to rouse another from sleep.

Regarding his habit of sucking sweets, I became aware of this quite soon after my arrival at Meudon. On my first meeting with him, I was conscious of a curious sweet scent, very faint but distinctly noticeable, which seemed to infect the air about him, and at first I thought that it might be due to some perfume with which Madame Rodin sprinkled his clothes or his handkerchief. This explanation, however, seemed hardly compatible with his character; for, if Rodin was anything at all, he was both in build and temperament certainly one of the most masculine men I have ever met. It struck me, therefore, that he would never have tolerated any such feminine interference with his toilet, and least of all did it seem possible that Madame Rodin was the kind of woman to suggest or attempt it. At last one day the riddle was solved for me. I happened to be speaking about the habit of smoking tobacco, and remarked that I had never seen Rodin smoke except just after lunch, when, as I think I have already mentioned, he used, apparently with very little enjoyment, to get through half of a 'Bock' cigar. 'Oh, I gave up continuous smoking long ago,' he observed. 'I found it interrupted my work and my thoughts. But when I first tried to do without it I failed most conspicuously. One day I spoke to a friend about it, and he advised me each time the longing returned to put a small piece of sweetmeat into my mouth and to suck it slowly until it dissolved away.' He then produced from one of the deep pockets of his *houppelande* a little metal box full of yellow sweets that looked like barley-sugar drops. 'Taste one!' he said: 'they are excellent.' They were indeed extremely good, and when I asked what they were called he replied that they were a sort of '*Berlingots*' which were sent, I believe, from Dijon, whence he obtained a constant supply.

His slight deafness, which, as far as I can discover, seems to have been noticed by only very few of the people who met him, may have accounted for his extraordinary inability to pronounce foreign names. This is a common infirmity among Frenchmen; but in Rodin it was present in a form so acute that one was led to suspect that he helped out his imperfect hearing by trying in private to learn the pronunciation of foreign names phonetically from the spelling of them—obviously a fatal thing to do, particularly when they were English. Thus quite early in my life at the Villa des Allants, Rodin and I were brought almost to the brink of our

first quarrel, because, owing to the fact that I was not yet sufficiently familiar with the work he had on hand, or with his circle of admirers and supporters, I was quite unable to guess to whom he referred when he asked me about certain people. The accident occurred at lunch, at which meal, if we were alone, Rodin would often like to question me both about England and the English notabilities whom he had come across. Imagine therefore my bewilderment when I was suddenly requested to give particulars about a person called *Ovardevaldant* (pronounced as a Frenchman without any knowledge of English phonetics would pronounce these syllables). Naturally I asked him to be good enough to repeat the name, and stared blankly when it came out in exactly the same incomprehensible way. Not a glimmer of intelligence could possibly have brightened my staring eyes. I did not even know the sex of the creature whose identity I was expected to discuss. Consternation seized me and I grew horribly embarrassed. 'But, young man, you are not going to make me believe that you have never heard of *Ovardevaldant*!' he cried, quickly losing all patience. (*Mais vous n'allez pas me faire croire, jeune homme, que vous n'avez jamais entendu parler de Ovardevaldant!*) Perhaps if I had not been so over anxious to please, and if, moreover, I had not been so hard pressed, I might quickly have guessed what he meant. But with a man of Rodin's nature and eminence, growing every second more and more dumfounded and impatient, and with Madame Rodin looking imploringly at me across the table, begging me with her eyes not to upset her great lord's temper or digestion, if I could possibly refrain from doing so, I confess that my mind became a complete blank, and I had at last to make the humiliating and damaging admission that I had never in my life heard of such a person.

'Oh, that's too much!' (*Oh, ça c'est trop fort!*) cried Rodin, beside himself with grieved astonishment, and turning to Madame Rodin he shrugged his shoulders, as if he was obliged to confess that after all his cherished hopes about me, I was proving myself absolutely worthless.

At last, by slow degrees I elicited the following crumbs of information. As, however, they were flung at me by a man who had completely lost all patience, I was, of course, slower than I should otherwise have been in piecing them together. '*Ovardevaldant*' was a '*grand seigneur*'; he was '*extrêmement aisé*'; he was the head of a very famous English family; had recently

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had his portrait bust executed by Rodin, and was in fact 'un lord'—'Lorrovardevaldant!' At last I knew what he meant, and amid profuse apologies assured him that I had indeed heard of Lord Howard de Walden, and that his name was a very familiar one in England. '*A la bonheur enfin!*' he cried, looking very red and angry. But it was of course impossible to explain why I had not immediately recognised the name, and the only course open to me was to try to live down the infamy I had incurred by this little contretemps. Whether I ever succeeded in doing this I do not know—first impressions are most difficult to overlay or to eradicate—and when a day or two later a similar though less painful scene occurred over a certain Monsieur 'Bernarre Chuv,' I am afraid I only confirmed what was then becoming a rooted conviction in Rodin's mind, that for one who pretended to be able to fill the post of private secretary I was singularly ill-informed.

As to Mr. Bernard Shaw, I must acknowledge incidentally that I was very much puzzled by one or two things that Rodin said about him. At that time I had not yet seen Mr. Shaw either in England or anywhere else, but from photographs I had a fairly good idea of what he looked like. Now, without wishing to cast any unflattering aspersions upon his appearance, I had, rightly or wrongly, always been under the impression that in his features there was something sardonical, and, particularly when he smiled, more than a faint suspicion of malice and irony, which harmonised well with the relentless and witty criticism of modernity that characterised his various works. Apparently, however, all this side of Mr. Shaw had escaped Rodin so completely that the great sculptor, who was as I gathered at that time more or less ignorant of Mr. Shaw's literary and dramatic productions, seemed to me to have misunderstood the famous Irishman's nature. Having seen a good deal of him shortly before I appeared on the scene, Rodin was naturally inclined to talk about him, and I fancy I remember having understood that I occupied the same place at the dining table which, not so very long before my arrival, had been taken by Mr. Shaw himself for some meal or meals that he had had at the Villa des Brillants. In this, however, I may be wrong. At all events, I got the impression that both Monsieur and Madame Rodin had had ample opportunity of seeing Mr. Shaw in a relaxed and sociable mood, away from the formal sittings that had been necessary for the bust. I was all the more surprised, therefore,

to hear Rodin expatiate at great length and quite seriously upon the 'Christ-like' mould and appearance of Mr. Shaw's head and features! On hearing the great sculptor state this view for the first time I showed very natural but discreet surprise; but Rodin refused to yield an inch. '*Une vraie tête de Christ,*' he reiterated, obviously delighted with his recollection of it; and Madame Rodin concurred most emphatically.

Those who know Rodin's bust of Mr. Shaw will now perhaps be able to account for a certain unfamiliar meekness, gravity and absence of Shavian 'roguishness,' which have crept into the sculptor's interpretation of the author of *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, which otherwise are hard to explain. At all events my personal view has always been that the bust of Mr. Bernard Shaw is one of the least successful of Rodin's portrait sculptures, and those who share this feeling may therefore be interested to hear how Rodin summed up the general impression that Mr. Shaw made upon him.

Rodin had paid, I believe, only two short visits to England when I first saw him, and he was therefore only imperfectly acquainted both with our customs and our point of view. He had, however, retained a vivid recollection of English food, most of which he condemned without mercy, although in regard to one dish his praise was unbounded, and he frequently twitted Madame Rodin for being unable to give it to him. This was boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce. On the whole he was inclined to argue quite rightly that what a man likes in food depends very largely on what he has been used to. But boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce, he was prepared to concede, constituted an exception to this rule, at least as far as he was concerned.

Limited as was his knowledge of England, however, he had very definite views about English women and their beauty, and whenever he possibly could he preferred to employ English female models. 'No women,' he declared, 'have such fine legs as the well-built English girl.' During my stay with him he frequently employed English girls as models, and I believe it was an English girl who originally posed for his Eve; but of this I am not sure. Incidentally I may say that it was in reference to this fine statue and the model who posed for it, that Rodin warned me so solemnly when I first joined him. 'Understand,' he said, 'that you must never have anything to do with my models. You may occasionally have to pay them for me, or fix their hours, but beyond these

business relations I wish you to have no conversation with them whatever.' I promised solemnly that I would do as he said; then, leading me up to the *Eve*, he continued, 'You see that statue: I was particularly pleased with it as a conception. The model, too, was exceptionally fine. She had a magnificent figure and I was never able to replace her. But you notice how sketchy some of that modelling is round the top of the hip and groin.' (I confess I had not noticed anything of the sort, and was quite unable to perceive what he meant even after he had pointed it out to me.) 'Well,' he continued, 'that is not my fault. Owing to the ridiculous folly of a young man who became associated with that model, I lost her before my *Eve* was finished—before, that is to say, I had sufficiently studied that particular part of my sculpture; and that is the consequence. The young man in question allowed himself to become intimate with her, and she had a child. Now you understand why I am so severe on this point. I have had my lesson.'

It was, I think, in September or October 1906 that I first conceived the absurd notion of talking to Rodin about his clothes, and I doubt whether I ever perpetrated a greater error in my life. As I have already shown, and shall doubtless show again, he was by nature exceedingly *naïf*; that is why, possibly, he was frequently so easily led by strangers who did not mean altogether well by him. One had only to be frank and to make a bold criticism of his work, or anything else that he had done or said, and he always showed extraordinary tolerance and even eagerness in hearing one out. Knowing this about him, I never scrupled to speak out my mind, although once, in an evil moment—I cannot for the life of me say what drove me to it—I made the mistake of criticising his French tailor and of suggesting alterations in his wardrobe. As usual he listened patiently without the smallest sign of vexation, and at the end of my remarks, smiled very affably and declared that he placed himself unreservedly in my hands, and would do whatever I suggested. All I said was that for a man in his position I thought he might wear clothes of a smarter cut, and that, if he agreed with me, I could introduce him to an English tailor who would be prepared to dress him quite *à l'anglaise*. Alas, even these few words proved to be far too many! I recommended him to an expensive English tailor quite close to the Opera in Paris, and unfortunately my influence ended there. If only he had done what he said he would do, and placed himself entirely in my hands,

it would have been all right. But he did not. When once he had accepted my advice about the tailor, and instructed me to summon the man to Meudon, he insisted on directing the future course of events himself, and the consequence was that, in the end, my advice was utterly discredited. I quite forgot that the average Frenchman's idea of English male clothing is limited to the variety of heavy tweeds and cheviots which he sees the English tourist wear about Paris and elsewhere. And as Rodin was very heavy, almost clumsy, in build, and, in order to look smartly attired, would have required dark suitings of the very lightest possible weight for the season of the year, it was, of course, fatal to let him have a free run among the patterns of an English tailor's shop. The result may be imagined! He chose materials that would have destroyed the grace of an Apollo. The smart English cut which the tailor gave him only succeeded in accentuating the clumsiness of his feet, his hands and his massive head, without making him feel natural or at ease, as his French clothes had done. He wore the English clothes, moreover, unconvinced of their superiority over the clothes he had discarded, and they harmonised atrociously with his old collars and ties, the style of which he had refused to alter. The consequence was that in a month or so I had the mortifying experience of hearing from his own lips every possible kind of adverse criticism made by his friends both against the tailor he had recommended and the general change in his appearance, for which I had been chiefly responsible, and there was nothing to do but to urge him at the earliest possible opportunity to get back into his French attire. I shall never forget the shock I had when I first saw him in a dark, heavy morning suit, with a square-cut morning coat, rather like that worn by yeomen or farmers at a village festival in England, trying his utmost to look and feel happy. It was an agonising moment. Even Madame Rodin, who did not pretend to have an eye for such things, felt there was something wrong, and if we had spoken the truth, all three of us would have confessed before the outside world had had time to give its verdict, that the old, badly cut French clothes were much the best.

Thus, for all practical purposes, Rodin's prepossessions in favour of England and her productions were limited to the English female figure and to boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce. This last attempt at cultivating in him a taste for a third aspect of British life proved completely disastrous.

I think I have shown that he was both childish and *naïf*; but

he also possessed the one virtue which above all others forms the best counterpart to these qualities. He was extremely cautious. The incident of the Greek bronze rather proves this; but what proves it even more were his precautions against fire at Meudon. He had an unusual dread of fire, and the isolated position of his country house and large studio, on the top of the hill overlooking Issy-les-Moulineaux, caused him to devise all kinds of safeguards against the danger of being burned down. Quite close to the Villa des Brillants, for instance, on the side facing Sèvres, and between the villa and the studio, there was, in my time, a large basin built of cement and fed from the main, which was always filled with water; and this large pool, which was about fifteen feet in diameter, had been specially constructed to furnish the first supplies of water in case of fire. Another basin had been built lower down in the garden, between the studio and my cottage; and all lamps either in the villa itself, or in my small annexe, were filled with an oil which, although it burned fairly brightly at the wick, would not ignite quickly if spilled on the ground. I don't know whether colza possesses this convenient property, but I fancy that this was the name it went by at the villa, and with it the lamps gave a tolerable though none too brilliant light.

Perhaps Rodin's habitual caution appeared to less advantage in the matter of equipping himself with a horse and carriage than it did in other concerns of his life; but here the extreme novelty of his undertaking may possibly have disturbed his normal line of conduct. The project was discussed with Madame Rodin and myself at various meals, some time before it was actually executed, and when at last it was matured, I think I succeeded in preventing him from acting too rashly, by reminding him of the many pitfalls that awaited the mere amateur if he tried to measure his wits against those of the average horse-dealer. Rodin had often expressed his repugnance to motor-cars, and yet felt urgently in need of some conveyance by means of which he and Madame Rodin might, without too much effort, be able to enjoy the early morning air and the scenery around Meudon. Of course the idea of a horse and carriage of their own completely took Madame Rodin's breath away, particularly as she thought immediately about the domestic aspects of it—the coachman, his food, and his sleeping accommodation. At last, however, all three of us grew accustomed to the idea, and Rodin, having succeeded through a friend in getting upon the track of an old and experienced coachman and a second-hand

victoria in good condition, he startled us one day by announcing his intention of buying a horse. I ventured to ask him how he proposed to set about doing this, and to my great surprise he replied that he would simply go to one of the more reputable horse-dealers and buy the first carriage horse that took his fancy. I did my best to explain to him what I conceived to be the danger of this procedure and implored him very earnestly to take expert and independent advice.

After the incident of the English-cut clothes, he was perhaps a little less inclined than he might otherwise have been to accept my suggestion; nevertheless he listened as usual with great patience and attention, and when I had finished all I had to say, he smiled and sat for some moments in thoughtful silence. 'Yes,' he said at last, 'perhaps you are right. We had better get someone who understands these matters. Will you please see about it?' I said that I would, but as I had never in my life been engaged on a similar quest, and had no experience in the buying of horses, I confess that I felt for the moment a little nonplussed. '*Eh bien, jeune homme, que comptez-vous faire?*' he enquired after a while. I stammered words to the effect that I would turn it over in my mind, and that very day began making enquiries in the district. The consensus of opinion among the people I consulted seemed to be that the best man for the work was a certain well-known veterinary surgeon who resided at Clamart, a little place a few kilomètres south-east of Meudon. He appeared to be altogether *un homme de confiance*, and to him I repaired with my difficulty. He agreed for a small fee to give Monsieur Rodin the best possible advice, and asked me to make an appointment with the Maitre at X's, the Paris horse-dealers. This I did, and, as luck would have it—for, as I have shown, I had not been particularly happy theretofore in my efforts to assist Rodin outside the ordinary routine of my secretarial duties—this arrangement proved entirely successful. A good sound horse was purchased, quiet and steady, and, as far as I can remember, only a moderate price was paid for it. At all events it performed the duties Rodin expected of it eminently well, and when I left Meudon, both the coachman and his steed were still giving entire satisfaction. As I have already pointed out, I believe, this horse was not only a draught-animal, at Meudon, but also an artist's model; as, however, this brings me to the question of Rodin's drawings, which I intend to discuss a little later on, I shall not dwell on that side of its functions.



Regularly every morning, when the weather was fine, Rodin was now able to take Madame Rodin for a long country drive, and they usually started out between half past six and seven, and returned about nine. Rodin expressed himself thoroughly delighted with this new plaything, and his health and looks certainly improved from the day it became part of the establishment at Meudon. The ingenuousness with which he wished to set about buying the animal, however, if not characteristic of his customary prudence, was at least in keeping with the naïveté of his nature, and I thought it worth while to describe the episode as an instance of that side of his character which, throughout his later years, made him such an easy prey to all those who seriously conspired to influence him for their own venal ends.

The childish naïveté of the great artist was perhaps never displayed to better advantage than on the occasion of King Sisowath's visit to Paris with his seventy native dancers and musicians. It was at the time of the Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles, and this monarch of Cambodia had come with his suite and extensive harem to visit the President of the French Republic. He arrived at Marseilles on June 11, 1906, and came to Paris on the 18th, his harem of dancers following him to the capital on July 1. I believe King Sisowath gave a first display of his royal ballet at the Elysée on July 5, but certainly on the evening of the 10th they performed at the *théâtre de verdure* in the Bois de Boulogne, in honour of the Colonial Minister, M. Georges Leygues, and his guests; and it was to this entertainment that Rodin was invited.

I did not see him when he returned that night, but on the following morning he spoke most enthusiastically of the Cambodians, and gave Madame Rodin and myself a glowing description of all they had done. King Sisowath's corps de ballet, which had performed under the direction of the King's eldest daughter, Princess Samphoudry, in dances that were at once religious and dramatic, had thoroughly enchanted Rodin, and he compared them with our own modern professional dancers at the Opera and elsewhere, very much to the latter's disadvantage. He was particularly struck with the manner in which he declared they created the impression of growing on the stage in their hieratic and rhythmic evolutions, a feat impossible to our toe-dancers, who reach their utmost height at one spring. He also greatly extolled a peculiar serpentine movement of their hands and arms, which they caused to pass like an undulating shudder from the tips of the fingers of one hand,

up the arms, and across the shoulder blades on to the finger tips of the other hand. He declared that he had learnt movements of the human body which he had not suspected theretofore, and which the ancients had either not known or failed to record; and he pronounced the art of the whole display as more consummate than anything he had ever seen. 'Look,' he said, 'at that King and at his eldest daughter who directs the corps de ballet! They seem from their features to be wicked people (*à juger de leur traits, on dirait qu'ils sont méchants*), but how false and delusive our standards must be, if that is the impression they make upon us! Because they are obviously great artists, and without them all this marvellous beauty would vanish.'

When it became known that the Cambodian dancers and their King were to leave Paris for the Villa des Glycines at Marseilles, Rodin in great excitement followed them thither like an enthusiastic child, and there he drew a portrait of King Sisowath, and also made a number of careful drawings of the members of the corps de ballet. Returning to Meudon three days later he was so thoroughly exhilarated by his experience that he could hardly speak of anything else. These drawings of the Cambodians must still be in existence somewhere; but, like the rest of Rodin's drawings, they give the spectator but a poor idea both of the models who stood for them, and of the artist who executed them. By saying this I have no doubt I shall cause a good deal of surprise, if not indignation, among those who are inclined to regard as sacrosanct everything, however trifling, that proceeds from the hand of a great master; but I have the very best authority for writing what I now propose to write concerning the significance of Rodin's drawings, and that is Rodin's own account to me of what they meant in the *ensemble* of his creative activity.

Much has been written, and much more has been said about Rodin's drawings which, judged from the standpoint of the criticism that the best critics have applied to Rodin's sculpture, is hardly worth considering. Nevertheless, thanks to the misguided efforts of enthusiasts, there gradually arose a sort of cult in connection with Rodin's drawings which, I venture to suggest, was as much a surprise to some of Rodin's less catholic supporters as it was to Rodin himself. Precisely how this cult arose it would take too long to tell. Rodin, however—let it be said quite frankly—was not sufficiently alert or self-conscious to perceive the whole meaning of what took place. Baffled though he was at first by the sudden

vogue for his drawings, he ultimately bowed his head in resignation before the storm of applause that grew ever louder about him, and accepting the verdict of the very experts who had made his greater work intelligible to the world, he too slowly became convinced of the enormous artistic importance of this more trivial side of his productive genius. This complete transformation of Rodin's attitude towards his drawings, however, only took place some time after I had left him. When I was with him, he was still in the state of one whose mind had not yet been inflamed by the cult, and he spoke about his drawings to me in terms so plain and frank, that there was no mistaking the very small value he attached to them. I do not mean by this that he affected a carelessness about them which he did not really feel, or that this view of his drawings was of a piece with his generally modest attitude towards his greater works, and that I was therefore deceived; for although Rodin was certainly modest, he had had too great a struggle not to be aware of what was new and inimitable in his masterpieces. I mean that, knowing him as I did, and being in a position to note the difference between his attitude to his sculpture and his attitude to his drawings, I formed the opinion that he regarded his drawings as of no importance whatsoever, except as a means to an end. He placed them where they belong, that is to say, among the exercises by which he retained the accuracy of his vision for the human form, *not among his artistic productions*. What scales are to the executant musician, so were Rodin's drawings to him, no more and no less, and the fact that they happened to constitute convenient vehicles for his autograph when some unpretentious friend wished to be given a small souvenir, never—at least in my time—modified this view of them in his own mind.

I had several talks with him about his drawings, and was given one particularly enlightening explanation of them, when I happened on a certain occasion to come up behind him while a favourite model was posing for him. I noticed that he kept his eyes fixed on the model, and never looked down at his pencil, or at the paper on which he was drawing. This was the first thing that struck me, and, as I had lived among artists all my life and had done no small amount of drawing myself, the novelty of the method naturally provoked my curiosity. I was reminded instantly of those books which used to be produced at evening parties in most English homes some twenty years ago, in which one was expected to draw a pig with one's eyes shut, and I could not help wondering whether Rodin

himself, although he was not blindfolded, had the same shock of surprise as we blinded draughtsmen used to have when at last he turned his eyes down to his drawing and saw what his pencil had described. The next thing I noticed was that he seemed under some obligation not to lift his pencil from the paper, after having once begun to draw—another feature which his drawing had in common with the parlour entertainment already referred to—and that he always tried to complete his outline of the figure he was drawing in one wavy and continuous sweep. I watched him for some minutes while sheet after sheet was torn away and dropped like rubbish on the floor at his side. Each sheet was covered with one of his characteristic drawings, and each drawing revealed the same kind of mistake or inaccuracy in its final strokes which I recollected had been peculiar to the blindfold drawings of pigs. For instance, the final stroke of, say, the right side of a leg, would be brought down so very far wide of the stroke representing the left side, that the creature drawn looked as if she had elephantiasis. (Those who remember the pig drawings will not need to be told that this kind of fault was a common and recurrent feature of them, and followed inevitably from the method adopted in their production.) People familiar with Rodin's drawings will know at once what I mean, while the uninitiated will now probably be in a position to account for much which, otherwise, must have seemed to them both mysterious and grotesque in Rodin's style of draughtsmanship. Of course, if these kind of strokes were too glaringly wrong, it frequently happened that the drawing was either destroyed or subsequently corrected; but in most drawings that I have seen, the technique of their production—the absence of the guiding eye—is apparent to any careful observer.

Very naturally I was sufficiently intrigued to ask Rodin to explain why he adopted this extraordinary method; for it struck me that if the drawings were full of such glaring inaccuracies—inaccuracies that could not be helped and which followed naturally from the way in which they were produced—they could hardly serve the purpose of documents for his sculptures. Of course, ignorant critics have repeated time and again that they did serve as supplementary documentation for the modelling of his sculptures. But it is obvious that they could not have done so, for they were quite unreliable, and Rodin himself would have been the first to admit it. At all events it was very soon quite plain to me not only that they were never intended as works of art, but that to

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exhibit them to the public as such was a piece of transparent æsthetic snobbism; and I am glad to find that in this view I am supported by one of Rodin's most able critics and most devoted friends.

As an instance of the hasty and careless criticism responsible for the great vogue enjoyed by Rodin's drawings, a writer in *Illustration* declared, when Rodin began drawing the Cambodian women, that very soon we might reasonably expect a sculpture from Rodin representing one of King Sisowath's dancers. But I wonder what this critic thought when no such sculpture ever came to hand? And how could it, seeing that the drawings of the Cambodians were never intended by Rodin as documentation for any sculpture which he had in view? Rodin was much too conscientious to set to work without a model. And if he ever produced a statuette of a Cambodian dancer—I know of none, though of course it may exist—he would only have executed the work with the help of the living model.

But let me now report what Rodin himself told me about his drawings; for this is the best justification of all that I have said. Being aware of my connection with the art world, and familiar also with my own attempts at draughtsmanship, he naturally did not regard my questions as the outcome of idle curiosity. He saw at once that there was something in what I had just witnessed that required explanation, and that I was reasonably puzzled. He therefore replied to my questions very fully, and this is what he said:

'Don't you see that, for my work of modelling, I have not only to possess a very complete *knowledge* of the human form, but also a deep *feeling* for every aspect of it? I have, as it were, to *incorporate* the lines of the human body, and they must become part of myself, deeply seated in my instincts. I must become permeated with the secrets of all its contours, all the masses that it presents to the eye. I must feel them at the end of my fingers. All this must flow naturally from my eye to my hand. Only then can I be certain that I understand. Now look! What is this drawing? Not once in describing the shape of that mass did I shift my eyes from the model. Why? Because I wanted to be sure that nothing evaded my grasp of it. Not a thought about the technical problem of representing it on paper could be allowed to arrest the flow of my feelings about it, from my eye to my hand. The moment I drop my eyes that flow stops. That is why my

drawings are only my way of testing myself. They are my way of proving to myself how far this incorporation of the subtle secrets of the human form has taken place within me. I try to see the figure as a mass, as volume. It is this voluminousness that I try to understand. That is why, as you see, I sometimes wash a tint over my drawings. This completes the impression of massiveness, and helps me to ascertain how far I have succeeded in grasping the movement as a mass. Occasionally I get effects that are quite interesting, positions that are suggestive and stimulating; but that is by the way. My object is to test to what extent my hands already feel what my eyes see.'

I have said that what scales are to the executant musician, so were Rodin's drawings to him. I think his explanation of their purpose and purport supports this conclusion. To describe how the vogue for his drawings, as works of art, arose, would take too long, although it would supply a solution of a problem which is otherwise hard to clear up. But, at all events, this much remains perfectly plain, that the value and importance of Rodin's drawings as artistic productions, has been grossly exaggerated both by his friends and the public; and I feel sure that had he been by nature more alert and not quite so artless, he would have been the first to correct the well-meaning people who are responsible for the vogue that these drawings have enjoyed of recent years. In any case he would have prevented these productions from being placed on view in any public exhibition; for, at least in regard to the work of other men, no artist knew better than Rodin how docile and uncritical the modern world is in its acceptance of work of doubtful artistic merit, when once the author of that work has become an eminent public figure.

Some people—and I believe Whistler was among them—stalwartly refused until the end to admit that there was anything artistically admirable in Rodin's drawings; and in his heart of hearts Rodin was in far deeper sympathy with this group of critics than with those who shamelessly extolled these mere tests of his manu-visual harmony, to his very face. Thus although the possessor of a few Rodin drawings is a proud man to-day, the things that will live and be for ever admired in Rodin's work, are not his pencil exercises, but his sculptures. In this department he was not only an innovator, but a creative revolutionary of prodigious power; and the fact that he created no school, and that he has been followed by no imitators, is the best proof of his genius.

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# LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is opened first.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 35.

*(The Third of the Series.)*

'The ——— of true love never did run ———.'

1. 'Bid me despair, and I'll despair,  
Under that ——— tree:  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en Death, to die for thee.'
2. 'True, one rose will ——— the rest, one  
rose in a bower.'
3. 'I have been  
Your color-grinder six and twenty years,  
And am not yet an artist.'
4. 'Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,  
Wish'd him five fathoms under the ———.'
5. 'Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,  
But the trail of the ——— is over them all.'
6. 'We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to ———.'

## RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed above 'Book Notes' on a later page.

4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back.

5. Solvers must on no account write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.

6. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.

7. Answers to Acrostic No. 35 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than January 20.

## ANSWER TO No. 34.

1. R	uin	S
2. O	ccupan	T
3. S	éraphin	E
4. I	nterva	L
5. N	onparei	L
6. A	laud	A

PROEM: *The Story of Rosina.*  
*The Nameless Charm.*

## LIGHTS:

1. *Pot-Pourri*
2. *A Tale of Polypheme.*
3. *The Secrets of the Heart.*
4. *'Under which King?'*
5. *The Passionate Printer to his Love.*
6. *The Sick Man and the Birds.*

Acrostic No. 33 ('Hard to Please'): Answers were received from 330 competitors: of these, 290 were entirely correct, 26 were wrong in one or more lights, and 14 broke one or more of Rules 3, 4, and 5. Generally the coupon was omitted, sometimes there was no pseudonym. The chief difficulties occurred in the fourth and sixth lights.

The first correct answer that was opened came from 'Hope,' who wins the monthly prize. Miss C. G. Young, Court Hall, Sidbury, Sidmouth, will choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

# The PROGRESS of PELMANISM

## "RAPIDLY BECOMING PART AND PARCEL OF OUR DAILY LIFE"—LORD RIDDELL

PELMANISM," writes the great newspaper magnate, Lord Riddell, "rapidly becoming part and parcel of our daily lives."

This immense popularity of Pelmanism is mainly due to the fact that it meets a pressing need of the present

competition is becoming so keen, and affairs of life are growing so complicated, that the utmost mental efficiency is needed if we are to deal adequately with the difficulties that meet us daily and win our way to higher positions in the world.

Pelmanism, which is perfectly easy and simple to follow (and takes up very little time), removes such mental defects and weaknesses as:—

Forgetfulness	Unnecessary Fears
Depression	Mind-wandering
Indecision	Brain-fag
Diffidence	Weakness of Will
Timidity	Indefiniteness
Procrastination	Lost Confidence

which are the cause of so many failures, and develops in their place such valuable qualities as:—

Concentration	Directive Ability
Judgment	Forcefulness
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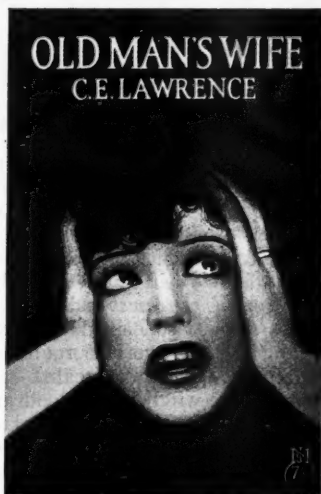
*This coupon must be detached and enclosed with the answers to this month's problem.*

### BOOK-NOTES

REQUENTLY when new fiction is under consideration, the question arises as to the place of the novel in literature. In its highest form it must be supreme, as it best expresses the thoughts and the emotions, but of the many novels published in these days only a comparatively few present a claim to eminence as works of art—and of these few a large proportion are kept out of existence, unrecognised and unnoticed by the endless flow of mediocrity or inferior work that pours from the presses.

GIVING the public what it "wants" has excused a multitude of enormities. The phrase is convenient, but unfortunately it means little. What is the public? What, more pertinent, does that public express a want for anything? From the literary viewpoint it would appear that the public never calls for what it never has called for a particular type of book. Occasionally it may receive what it has received, and again—more particularly in the gallery—may express dis-

approval of what has been thrust upon it, but does it ever really express a want?



IT may be that this indolence is irresponsible for some of the fascination that lies in publishing. The unknown is always attractive.

## BOOK-NOTES

What will be the fate of this book of which the proofs have just come from the printer? or of that volume about to be launched into the world? One makes an estimate which may or may not be justified by the facts—and that is all. Last year *John Frensham, K.C.*, a first novel, received such approval as to require five large impressions—an unusual circumstance. Its author, Mr. Sinclair Murray, has written a successor entitled *HUMAN CLAY*; and very shortly this book will show whether or not the promise of the initial work has been fulfilled.



**C. E. LAWRENCE** has gone back to realism in a new book *THE OLD MAN'S WIFE*, soon to be published. "Realism" is used in its purest sense and as opposed to the fantastic vein in which his *Such Stuff as Dreams* and *Lass of the Sword* were conceived and executed. The new work is rooted in Nature—the primary realist—exquisite in her witchery of mood and form, but implacable in her working through cause to inevitable effect. It would seem that in *THE OLD MAN'S WIFE* Mr. Lawrence has typified an ideal novel—one which presents in simple, colourful tones, a picture of a phase of common life: cause presaging effect, effect follow-

ing cause; carried through charm and recognisable fidelity.

**TWO** forthcoming novels which the "spirit of the time" is admirably reflected are *WARE*, by L. Allen Harker, *CHILDREN OF THE BORDER*, by Theodore Pennell. Mrs. Harker strikes a new and resounding in her latest book. Her reputation has been achieved by her portrait of essentially lovable characters. Here she enters the arena and fearlessly deals with a point of question which the Victorians would never have asked. Theodore Pennell is the wife of a distinguished doctor who works in the Indian frontiers, and in her first novel, she tells of a mountaineer of the Afghan who came to Europe to fight in the Great War. One wonders what will be the eventual outcome of impressions those bitter yet glorious years made on the native mind.

**IT** seems to be all a matter of impressions. Life is an unbroken sequence of actions and reactions based on impressions. Fascinating it is! Gertrude Pennell has caught some of this fascination in her first novel, *TILLAGE OF POOR*, and presents her story vividly. Sometimes one marvels at the persistence in shining of the divine spark that is in each of us; one wonders how it is that mere women who have descended to the lowly may in one inspired moment rise to heights of grandeur, and be capable of majestic conduct. "Impressions" lies the answer.

**THE** death of a great Chinese thinker in his laboratory, which awakened public concern over the lives of men who work in the



## BOOK-NOTES

through science and of humanity. One of the most faithful was Edward Teshmaker Busk, a young engineer whose crowning achievement marked a new era in the history of flying, for he designed the first inherently-stable aeroplane. His fearlessness that made possible this discovery will be appreciated. His name is remembered by aviators throughout the world, and the story of his life and work—E. T. Busk: A PIONEER IN FLIGHT, by Mrs. Busk—will be gladly read, also by others who knew him as a charming man and a loyal friend.

SOON after the war Captain Angus Buchanan led an expedition into the Sahara on behalf of the Rothschild, and, after penetrating as far as the Air Mountains, returned with a zoological collection of immense value. Captain Buchanan returned with the ambition to traverse the desert from south to north, and this tremendous journey was actually accomplished between March, 1922, and June, 1923. The record of the expedition caused widespread attention, and the book, *THE SAHARA*, shortly to be published, it is safe to say, be very popular.

NOT only is this a well-written account of varied and always interesting experiences, but it is also a pictorial record. There are more than ninety excellent photographs, and many line illustrations, and chapter headings in addition to product maps. The same pictorial quality attaches, too, to a notable book on the pilgrimage mountains of China written by the authority on that strange land, William Edgar Snodgrass, and entitled *THE SACRED MOUNTAINS OF CHINA*. The camera has brought

beauty and an occult spirituality to add to the freshness and sympathy of the pages.



IN so far as the world of book-lovers is concerned, "What's in a name?" might with telling force be altered to "What's in a Title?" There are a few authors who possess a *flair* for intriguing titles—they are readily recalled—and of those forthcoming works with which these notes are chiefly concerned, one possesses a title the mere reading of which has the witching power to conjure up visions. *ISLAM AND THE DIVINE COMEDY* seems to the writer full of suggestions, which leads the mind wandering over old Florence and leaping to the somnolent magnetism of the East. The work is by Don Miguel Asin, a distinguished Spaniard; has been translated by Harold Sunderland; while the Duke of Alfoa has written an Introduction. It suggests that Dante found deep inspiration in the Koran, and is one of those books which will be read, considered, argued and read again.

## BOOK-NOTES

AT a time when prolificity of authors has been engaging attention and—dare it be said?—concern, it is interesting to note that Shakespeare probably completed his plays during the twenty years 1591-1611. This means an average production of two plays a year, nearly all of which belong to the supreme rank of literature. There is a discussion of the apparent ease with which he wrote in the latest—the fourth, revised—edition of Sir Sidney Lee's authoritative *A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE*. Reading it, one cannot but wonder what would be the quality of our modern dramatists at this rate of output.

IT has been said—not without a degree of truth—that men who make money are the least capable of taking care of it. The amount of capital lost over injudicious speculations and ignorant investment is prodigious. More and more it is becoming realised that capital cannot be left to take care of itself, and that the advice of the expert on finance is to be sought and followed. An admirable book on the subject entitled *INVESTMENTS FOR ALL* has been written by G. H. le Maistre. It covers the importance, selection, and management of investments, and will soon be published.

OWING to the dispute in the book trade it has been found inconvenient to publish the second series of *THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA* as was announced here last month. These historic volumes will, however, be issued early in the New Year.

IT is difficult to appreciate in these most tolerant days the fierce denunciations and obloquy which were the lot of the late Rev. Stewart

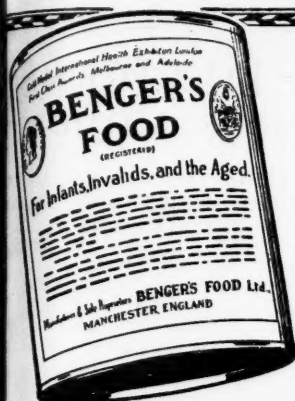
Headlam thirty years ago, when fought so wholeheartedly for reform to-day universally acknowledged desirable. In striking contrast to quarrels with his bishops in his early days was the complete vindication of his guiding principles expressed by Bishop Gore in an inspiring address recently when he dedicated the Stewart Headlam Memorial in Church at St. Margaret's-on-Thames where Headlam celebrated his 100th birthday during the later years of his life. Next month F. G. Bettany's *LIFE OF STEWART HEADLAM* is to be ready. The chapters dealing with the stormy phases of his career are autobiographical, having been taken down by the author and corrected by the subject himself.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for February will contain, among other contributions, a further instalment of 'The Way of the Panther' by Denny C. Stokes, wherein interest grows more and more to the point. The 'Further Personal Reminiscences of Auguste Rodin' by Anthony M. Ludovici, will give material concerning 'Rodin the Sculptor.'

'Two Passengers for Chelsea' by O. W. Firkins, is a little comedy presenting Carlyle and other guests at Addiscombe, and developing a brilliant duel of wits between Lady Carlyle and her hostess, the great dame Lady Ashburton.

'The Lady with the Red Hair' is an historical study by Stanley Weyman, telling the romantic story of Lady Elizabeth Percy.

'New Lamps for Old: Charles Dickens on Art,' by Elizabeth Walmsley, is a study of Dickens criticism of the Pre-Raphaelites with its bearing upon to-day's controversy about "Rima."



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